SWAN

OCTOBER-
NOVEMBER, 1988

WARNING: THIS MAGAZINE IS DESIGNED FOR ADULT READERS WHO ENJOY GAY, SEXUALLY ORIENTED ENTERTAINMENT. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIALS, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER.

All correspondence received by SWAN is considered for publication in our FORUM section, unless otherwise requested. All readers who request general information on models, writers, photographers and artists must include a self addressed, stamped envelope with their letter. For those who have a question about their account, no S.A.S.E. is required. All correspondence should be addressed to: SWAN, 4864 LUNA #191, PHELAN, CA 92371.

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EDITORIAL

For all you great guys who read our editorial in the June-July issue and really tried to help us out, we thank you. A small, enthusiastic gang of our more rabid subscribers are responsible for about two hundred new subscribers. GIRTH & MIRTH is responsible for at least that much. Pat Califia, with the plug in her Advisor column in The ADVOCATE, was responsible for 350 new subscribers! And the subsequent ADVOCATE article on SWAN in Issue 506 will likewise get us a good surge of fresh blood.

On the other hand, the editorial didn't spawn a large scale movement to help. The special subscription drive bombed, along with the commercial advertising drive. Our anonymous donation ploy (directed to the multitude of readers who repeatedly get free copies from subscribers) on page 62 of August, garnered zero responses. Apparently, their desire for anonymity isn't the sole factor responsible for their refusal to buy their own. It's just cheapness, apparently. But that's alright, guys. Until I regained my self respect, I used to have nervous types (with first names only) drop by and read (and walk off with) my magazines while I "entertained" them. These guys are not known for bringing goodies other than their dicks to the party. There's a lesson here somewhere.

The fact remains that we won't survive at this rate, according to a financial analyst with whom we conferred. He quipped that we were selling magazines at cost <u>less</u> 10%. We have therefore decided to make the following changes:

1. Effective immediately, we will begin phasing out all third class mailing and will no longer accept new or renewed third class subscriptions. All existing third class subscriptions, however, will run their course until the subscription runs out. Some of our subscribers are bitterly complaining that they are receiving their copies up to 6 weeks after third class mailing, so a bargain, it isn't (especially after we send them a second copy via first class mail to calm their nerves).

2. Effective January 1, 1989, the price for a new or renewed bi-monthly subscription (all mailed via first class mail) will slide gently to $34.55 from $32.00. For those of you who want to beat the deadline, you can resubscribe for $32 at any time prior to that date. Hell, if you really believe in us

and want to subscribe for 2 years, we'll discount it to $60.00, or a savings of over $9.00.

3. With our February '89 issue, we will be presenting a new, classier, more easily readable product, using state-of-the-art laser printout and the best reproduction available. If you start holding on to SWAN like it was NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, then less copies would show up on tearoom floors for some kid to read--and maybe more guys would buy their own copies.

Life's a bitch, but operating your own business is a ***snarling*** bitch. We regret any loss of subscribers, but we think that we're worth the increase. So, for you guys who will compare our price with those of the countless rags on the racks and the glut of one handed readers, ask yourself: do the other guys feature older men or bother to give you the time of day? Do they offer to write your ad for you, or send out your orders the next day, or jump down their advertisers' throats on your behalf, or allow you to visit their home and copy discontinued videos, or carry you on credit if you lose your job, or never <u>ever</u> turn down your photograph for publication because they sincerely believe that all men are beautiful to someone.....or ***offer you the best possible chance in your life to find a mate?***

Put a price on that, if you can.

PAT AND THE FRIAR

FORUM

Gentlemen: I now have two copies of SWAN, one purchased individually and the first of my subscription. It is often enjoyable, and haunts me with its reference to the Huxley novel through its title. Is this intentional? The resonances of the publication would seem to suggest that it is not, and yet I am not sure. Are you absolutely aware of what you are perpetrating, or would Susan Sontag enshrine you with Tiffany? Your aims are admirable. One of my students once asked me, out of class, why I didn't seem turned on by young people. I replied that I didn't often eat cookie dough, either. Ironically, my lover was twenty years younger than I; every day I miss his wit, insight, patience, extraordinary intelligence, and--particularly--his love. The plague's wheel breaks us. I do not wish to replace, but to renew. Somewhere there is a man socially and emotionally passive, able to sympathize with, if not interact, with leathermen, with a few initials after his name. If I'm lucky, he might enjoy explaining how to re-wire my amplifier or evaluate Chomsky. Perhaps you will help me locate him. Pit Bull, Mike and Logger are good-looking men. In addition, I'm glad the mention in ADVOCATE reminded me to subscribe. J.J.-San Francisco.

Dear J.J.: What a well crafted, esoteric and haunting letter. Too bad all my books are packed away for our move, otherwise I'd find out if Huxley wrote a novel with SWAN in its title. I'd also love to know the connection between Susan Sontag and Tiffany, and find out who Chomsky was. As for how SWAN became our name, my partner and I almost joined a rather unusual organization and had to come up with names to go after our titles of "Friar." Big Daddy chose "Friar Swan" and I chose "Friar Syrinx." Eventually, we distanced ourselves from the organization, but kept the names for *nom de plumes*. I then named this publication in honor of my baby, Friar SWAN. We are so sorry about your lover. We wish you luck in your quest, however. Just don't overlook the guys without the initials after their names. Neither of us has a degree but, Lordy, are we a barrel of monkeys. Best, Pat and The Friar.

****

Dear Pat: I want to comment on Victor Engandela's article, "What Is This Thing Called Love or LUV or LOVE?" (June-July 88) Who knows which is the "right" title. We all have our own ideas about that. For what it's worth, here is my opinion:

First of all, there is a big difference between love and just plain old lust. I am not trying to knock sex--after all, where would all of us be without it? However, love is something else. Taking my own experience as an example--and that is what my opinion is based on--I have been in the same loving relationship for over 20 years (would you believe that we met through an ad in a now defunct gay paper?). When we met, he was in his early thirties and I, in my early forties. Shortly after we moved in together, my lover developed diabetes. Of course, that was quite a shock to him, especially, and for me also. I did my best to comfort him and to make him understand that he had to live with the situation. One of the effects of his disease was that he lost his sex drive. That, of course, was unfortunate, but we had so much understanding and love and friendship for each other, that it really did not matter too much. I was never a highly sexed animal. Thirteen years ago and again six years ago, I suffered a heart attack, followed by bypass surgery. He was by my side and took wonderful care of me. Five years ago, he suffered a stroke, and I was there for him. There was never any question of one leaving the other because of adversities we suffered. And that, to me, is love. In my opinion, too much emphasis is placed on sex in the gay community and it is mistaken for love. We all have certain types we enjoy from a sexual or physical point of view, but that's a horse of a different color. I am not advocating love without sex, but everyone has to decide which is the more important in the long run. From the above, you can see which choice I made. It's a very individual decision and not everyone thinks like I do. I enjoyed Victor's article very much and hope to read many more written by him. Best regards. E.F., New York.

Dear E.F.: The Friar and I share your outlook. The Friar is a diabetic, too, and I give him 4 of 7 shots a week (ass and arms). He also has apnea and must sleep with a breathing machine every night. Since we met over 3 years ago, we've moved four times and have sacrificed all our time and resources (and my high paying job) for SWAN. It's been one hell of a ride, but we wouldn't think of doing it any other way. Like you and your lover, we were lucky enough to find the genuine article. The Friar and I have been together for a million years and don't plan to part .....Ever. Thanks for your very poignant letter. Best, Pat and The Friar.

****

Dear SWAN: At 70 years plus, I am youth oriented. I like them young, youthful. What can a mature man (I don't like the word "old," or "older") offer a young man? Wisdom? Not really. Age doesn't always bring wisdom. What it does bring is experience. Experience in love (making), compassion, understanding--and also being sexually compatible. From that, I can speak from experience. At least the last encounters I have had in the past, there were no complaints. I have a "lover." We have been together nearly 11 years and he is 25 years younger than I. Why the quotes in "lover?" We have not been sexual lovers for about the last five

years. We are friends, companions. When he was sick and hospitalized, who was there? I was. When I went through my triple bypass, he was there. Who else would be? The last trick he or I may have had? Now that sex passions have cooled and we have an open relationship, the meaning of our lives have taken a different turn. If he wants to go out, he does, and the same for me. But I don't go out as often anymore. I try to make conquests and, more often than not, do not. But at this time of my life I can take rejection better than when I was younger, better looking and had more hair on the top. I do go out 2 or 3 times a month. I go because I know no one is going to knock on my door and say, "Okay, here I am." But I am tired of people playing games. I won't describe myself or send a picture of myself or state what I want as a part-time sex partner--that I should put in an advertisement. Meahwiile, I am glad to learn that I am not alone out there. So, hello, young lovers. S.C., New York.

Dear S.C.: You are no where near being alone. Hundreds of our readers are in your same boat, including a lot of younger guys who like their men more mature. Let's have your ad and let us see if we can attract someone who'll knock on your door and say, "Okay, here I am." Good luck. Pat and The Friar.

****

Hi, Guys: I know it's not polite to write a business letter on ruled paper, but to quote a total asshole, "Well *excuse me*!" Anyway, this is brain dead from the east and this is all I have. I've run into a cash flow problem and I was too embarrassed to talk about it. But that is no excuse for someone who truly enjoys SWAN as I do. Even I should be able to save $ 2.16 a month. So, I'm sorry for the procrastination in renewing my subscription. Just last week I went to Chicago to help with the fire. What can I say? I would like to express an opinion. I'm not sure a few of your artists are presenting the senior male in a favorable, sexy way. QUETZAL's artwork has not given me a rise yet. SCORPIO is a good artist, but, aside from his December 87 "Doctor," all his faces are the same. And ALAISTER's "Untitled" in June-July 88 was not sexy at all. Matter of fact, hopefully, the guy was walking into the ocean to end it all. I know it must be difficult to keep your contributors' egos intact, but, hopefully, you can nudge them into drawing a more appealing and realistic senior. Rippling muscles on a seventy year old is a bit much. I never wanted to offend the gods who bring me the only erotic magazine I enjoy, so I've kept my mouth shut up until now. But you asked for opinions!! And, if I'm wrong on this, I will be willing to drive to California, get on my knees and do The FRIAR for as long as he likes. Of course, even if I'm right, I wouldn't mind doing The FRIAR (you have to say that like Groucho Marx). I've gone on too long. Love SWAN and loved your novel BARNEY. Also the CHIEF is a beauty and hope to see more of him!! Keep the issues coming. R.W., Pennsylvania.

Dear R.W.: Welcome back! Glad we didn't lose you. Thanks for your opinions. I'm sure that QUETZAL and SCORPIO will take your comments like real troopers (and wish that you had a feather up your ass). SCORPIO draws under very, very trying circumstances and is aware of his redundant face. Give him a chance to explore and to find himself. He's got lots of fans. QUETZAL's style is controversial, but he's obviously a very accomplished artist and likewise has a very strong following. We're talking freedom of expression here and you will see the mature man portrayed in various ways. Different strokes and all that stuff. You haven't offended "the gods" and don't have to drive to California.....hold that. The FRIAR just said that he wouldn't mind that at all. As a matter of fact, he says that now, he's offended and wants you here immediately. Best, Pat and The FRIAR.

****

Dear Pat: SWAN has brought me many hours of enjoyable reading and the greatest pictures of nude older men. Through SWAN, I finally met a beautiful man of 59 years who seemed to really care about me. We only met a few months ago through another friend who subscribes to SWAN. He was the only person who ever said that someday it would be nice to live together. He made me feel so wanted and secure. I really needed this in my life. On Saturday morning, June 25th, this wonderful man was killed in an auto accident. Pat, it took years to find him and now he's gone. As a matter of fact, he looked a lot like the EX-LOGGER. Please keep up the great work with SWAN. Hopefully, someone else will come into my life through your magazine. Sincerely, J.P., New York.

Dear J.P.: Your letter shattered us like a kick in the groin. Unfortunately, it is similar to so many written to us, telling us about the most painful ordeal anyone could possibly go through--that of losing a mate or someone who makes life worth living. Personally, I cannot allow myself to imagine losing The Friar, because I break out in a cold sweat. There is nothing we can say which would make you feel better, but we will at least try to make you spiritually feel our arms around you. We both deeply believe that there are reasons for the injustice and sadness in life-- otherwise, it would not seem worth living. Until we evolve enough to understand, then we'll just have to stick with each other and try to console each other and try to go on. Never give up. Keep on trying. We wish you the best and hope you find peace. Pat and The Friar.

****

PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers/artists/models are featured in this issue and all may be written to. Merely write to them the same way you would write to an advertiser with a bird codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 cent stamp. In pencil, in the center, write their name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us.

AARON is a highly talented artist who lives with his equally talented (in the movie and television industries) partner in the L.A. area. He is in his late forties and likes his models over 50, burly and very masculine. AARON is one of our pricipal artists and his greatest works can be found in SWAN's Special January 88 issue.

ADAM is a newly relocated Alabama boy and, man is he something! This handsome silver fox is 59, 6'-1", 190# and says that he is in High Heat. A professional designer, he likes all the arts, gourmet cooking, good wine, videos and a warm sack.

SIMON BARR is one of the best photographers we've ever had the pleasure to work with. Although Simon is a subscriber, we really can't say much about him, other than he resides in California and is a professional photographer. Great things will come from this man someday soon (we hope) and you will be enthralled.

MARSH CASSADY is a distinguished author, playwright, publisher and actor who lives in San Diego. This wonderful man enriches our publication with superbly crafted poetry and superior fiction. Marsh has published three books this year alone and has written textbooks on writing. Talk about credentials!

PAT COLLEY, your editor and publisher, retired from the Construction Industry to devote full time to taking care of THE FRIAR; editing and publishing SWAN; and writing novels and short stories--in that order. A native Texan, Pat studied music at North Texas State until he dropped out in 1960 to *find* himself, which finally happened in 1985, thanks to THE FRIAR.

THE COLONEL is the big, brawny, hairy, bull-balled lover of KENT JUSTICE and is Kent's favorite model too. This MAN is quiet and very masculine and, when he says something, everyone listens. See the profile on KENT JUSTICE.

NEWT DEITER is a senior and the owner of his own travel agency in Los Angeles. NEWT is always on the go and is one of the most dynamic men we've ever met. This man knows (and is loved by) *everyone*, guys, from the most famous, down to the little guys who devour his great column.

VIC ENGANDELA is a very popular Chicago columnist, who has been with us for some time. This wonderful 64 year old writes with a keen perception and has a great style. His work is rich in pathos and brings peace into the lives of many readers. He's a warm, sincere person who genuinely loves our elder brothers--those in their 80's and 90's.

ERNIE is a stocky, incredibly sexy chub lover who lives in San Francisco with his partner, a soon-to-be SWAN model in his own right. Ernie is one of our most enthusiastic supporters and has brought a lot of new guys into the fold.

FRITZ, a young, handsome, exceptionally well built young man, has been with us since the very beginning. He likes 'em 45 to 65 and really goes bonkers if they look like Donald Regan, Lloyd Bridges, Hugh Downs or William Windom.

BILL HARRIS writes outstanding fiction in addition to his column and has been with us for quite a while. BILL is a very funny and clever writer, capable of nailing it on the head with great accuracy. He is a senior and lives in Boston with his lover.

BILL HOBBS hails from Texas and is an authentic, shit kicking cowboy! This 53 year old "sack 'n saddle" man is a former pro rodeo star, truck driver and MARINE. If you are 40 thru 69 and like hats, boots, jeans and barn stalls, BILL just might be your guy.

HORNED TOAD is one of the best looking men we've ever seen. This richly sensuous, massively hung man also has a lot of substance and will break your heart with his sweet stories about his beloved Archie. HORNED TOAD is 56 and lives in New England.

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 30ish artist/writer/photographer, who lives along the Gulf Coast with his SWAN model partner, THE COLONEL. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us from the very beginning and have been responsible for countless new subscribers.

LEGAL EAGLE is a 55 year old attorney who has practiced law for 30 years, the last 7 years in Southern California. He is single and lives in Los Angeles, where he is a corporate attorney for a major corporation. Now, if we could only find an M.D. with the class and generosity of this wonderful

men, we'd have a full service megazine.

MIKE III is a 64 year old L.A. nudist and outstanding masseur. Mike is a student of Oriental philosopy and religion and projects a wonderful serenity which is contagious. His hands are pure magic and can send the most jaded into another galaxy. He also starred in our classic video, CENTAUR SIX.

OCHO is 50ish freelance writer from Chicago who has written one of the most unusual novels we've ever read. Only the second novel we've ever serialized, OCHO's ***SULJI'S SPHERE*** has it all--feverish sex, black comedy, Air Force Generals with monster dicks, androids, flying saucers and nail biting adventure.

QUETZAL in another Virginian who creates the most provocative and unique cartoons we've ever seen. QUETZAL lives with his silver fox lover near Washington, D.C.

RAM, like AARON, is considered one of the best erotic artists on the international gay scene today. RAM, a highly celebrated professional artist, is in his late 40's and lives in Indianapolis with a 68 year old, retired legend in the world of business.

THE RED BARON hails from San Francisco and is an extraordinarily talented musician. He also has a knack for electrifying an audience with his special form of auto-eroticism. Those of you who had access to CENTAUR SIX, SWAN's discontinued video, know exactly what we're talking about. This man was the opening act and was very much responsible for making the video a cult classic.

KENN RICHIE is the most prolific fiction writer in gay erotica today, and many are saying that he's the best. This Los Angeles senior is an award winning playwright and has written an amazing amount of screenplays which went on to become movies. He is also a devoted SWAN supporter and has given us invaluable support.

SCORPIO is an inmate at a prison in the Midwest. He's young, extremely good looking and masculine; and can set a drawing pad on fire. Using at least four distinct styles, this artist never ceases to amaze us and we can't wait until he's released next year.

SILVER BEAR is a wonderful, tantalizingly sexy senior from the Rookies, who, at 67, is just beginning to reach his sexual peak. If you are over 40, hairy, husky and uncut, drop him a line. Even if you aren't, drop him a line anyway--he's flexible. Had we not discontinued our videos, this hunk was slated to be our next star!

SKUA, a 64 year old retired artist, lives in Baltimore. This good looking, talented, lithely built man loves art, music, pets, gardening and astrology. If you like his artwork, write him and encourage him to do more. We'd certainly like to see more!

SYRINX is the pen name for one of our principal writers. Anyone with half a brain and marginal vision can figure out which one. Suffice it to say that he looks completely normal with a cock in his mouth.

XYLOPHANG is a 52 year old publisher from San Francisco. He is politically independent and doesn't think too much of organized religion and the present administration. This man makes you think and, on many occasions, won't tell you what you want to hear. He's done his homework, however, and brings an added, healthy dimension to our publication. He's even urged us to acquire a conservative political columnist to counter his views, but, so far, no takers. Love him or hate him, he will never bore you.

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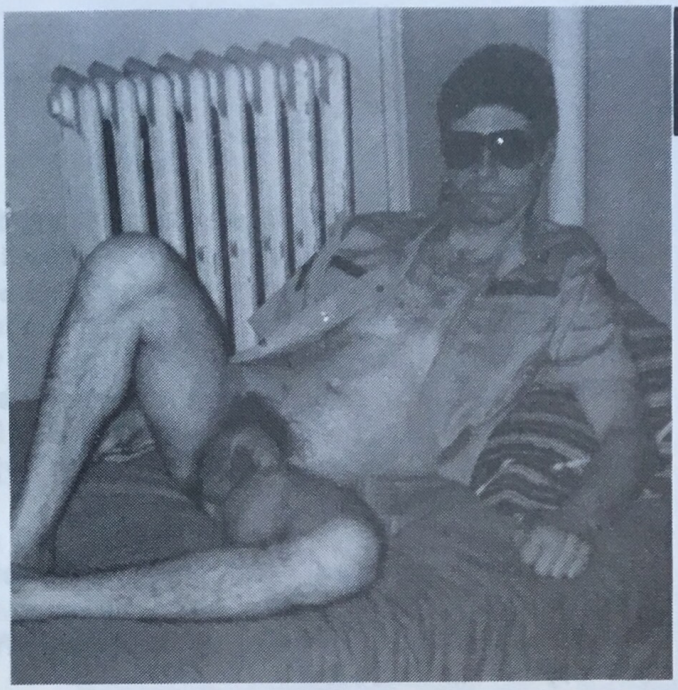
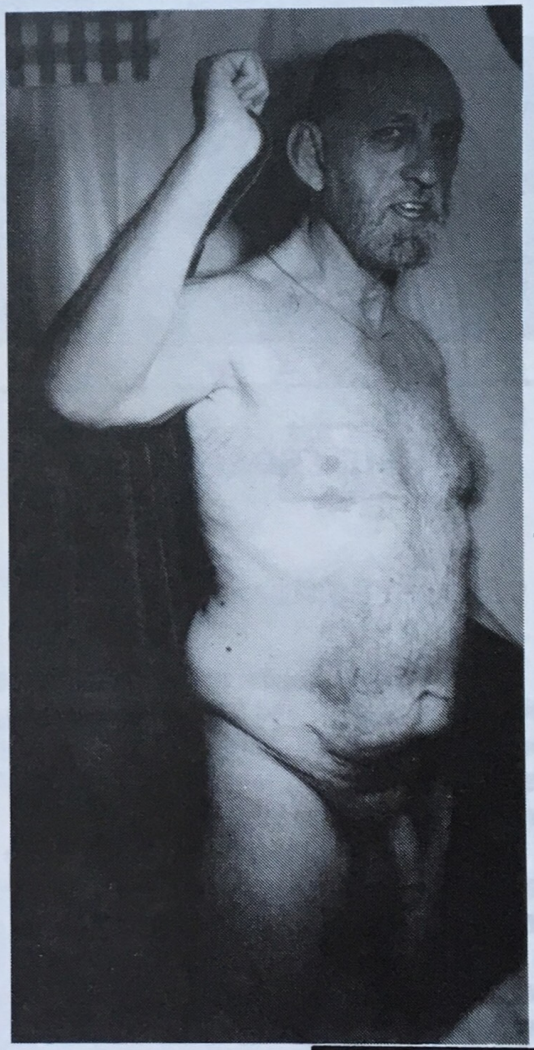
WANTED

VERY THIN MODELS!!
to help quiet our very vocal and nasty contingent of Ecto-Delectos (skinny chasers).... Must be skin and bones only. Muscles must be minimal in order not to be confused with fat. Come on, guys, let's see those lithe thighs and slick dicks! Submit photos today!!



FRITZ
photo by john



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BILL HOBBS
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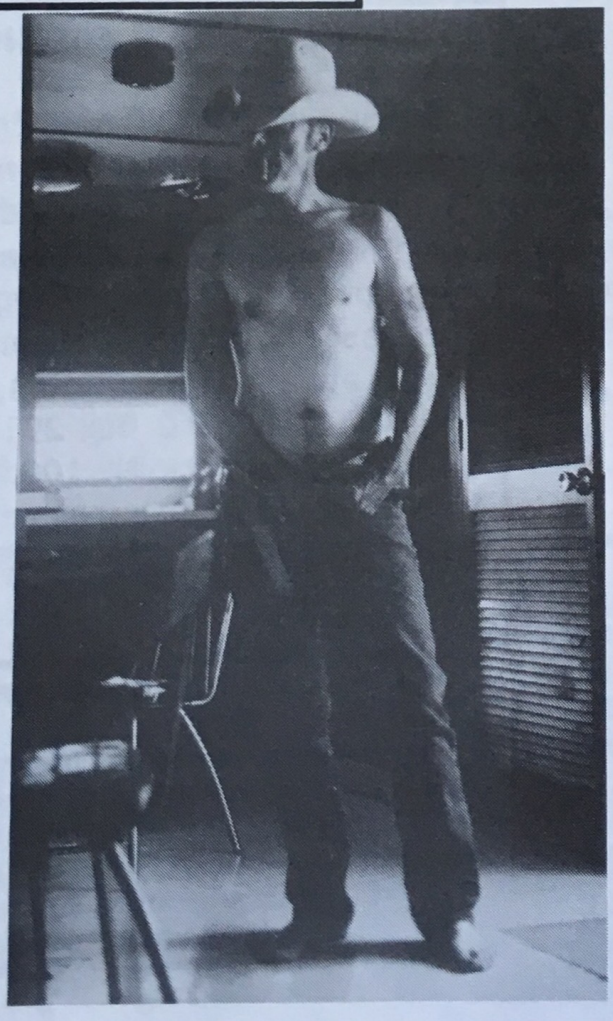

VIC ENGANDELA

Super-Senior Swaneros

I am wondering how many SWAN readers are between the ages of 70 and 90. How many of you feel somewhat "left out" of things because of your age? If this is the case, do you want to talk about it? Have you any ideas you would like to share?

As you may know from my articles, I am particularly interested in the old-old group of readers, and would welcome hearing from you...to share some of our mutual concerns about life in general: how to "cope," how to adapt, how to best use resources, etc.

The overworked cliches about "staying young" really don't help as much as realistically dealing with the changes that will come as we become very old....Oscar Wilde's DORIAN GREY graphically stereotypes "young and handsome" vs. "old and ugly." I think THAT is in need of some modification in today's world. What do you think?

Just what is it about getting (very) old that scares us most? Perhaps it has to do with loss of autonomy, more than fear of death, physical illness and functioning incapacity.

I am currently trying to understand my dear friend, Carl, who is 96 years old and is now in a nursing home. I visit him often and try to deal with what his most pressing needs are. One problem is to get him to keep talking to me, to "open up" and tell me how he feels and what he wants and how to best deal with the nursing home as a place to live. It is important that he keeps actively involved in <u>living</u> <u>until he dies.</u>

<u>May I ask you older guys to write</u> or call me and share with me some easy conversation about your life style, your personal concerns and anything else you would like to share. I think you will find me receptive and interested.

Victor Engandela
8465 W. Lawrence Ave. - Apt. 3A
Chicago, IL 60656
(312) 589-2882

NEW GROUP FORMING

PRIME TIMERS: NYC area chapter of Boston based social club for gay or bi older men and their admirers. Monthly socials, newsletter, roster, house parties, games, outings, nudism, massage workshops, video parties, raps, etc. For information, write to PRIME TIMERS, P.O. Box 291, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018, or call (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.

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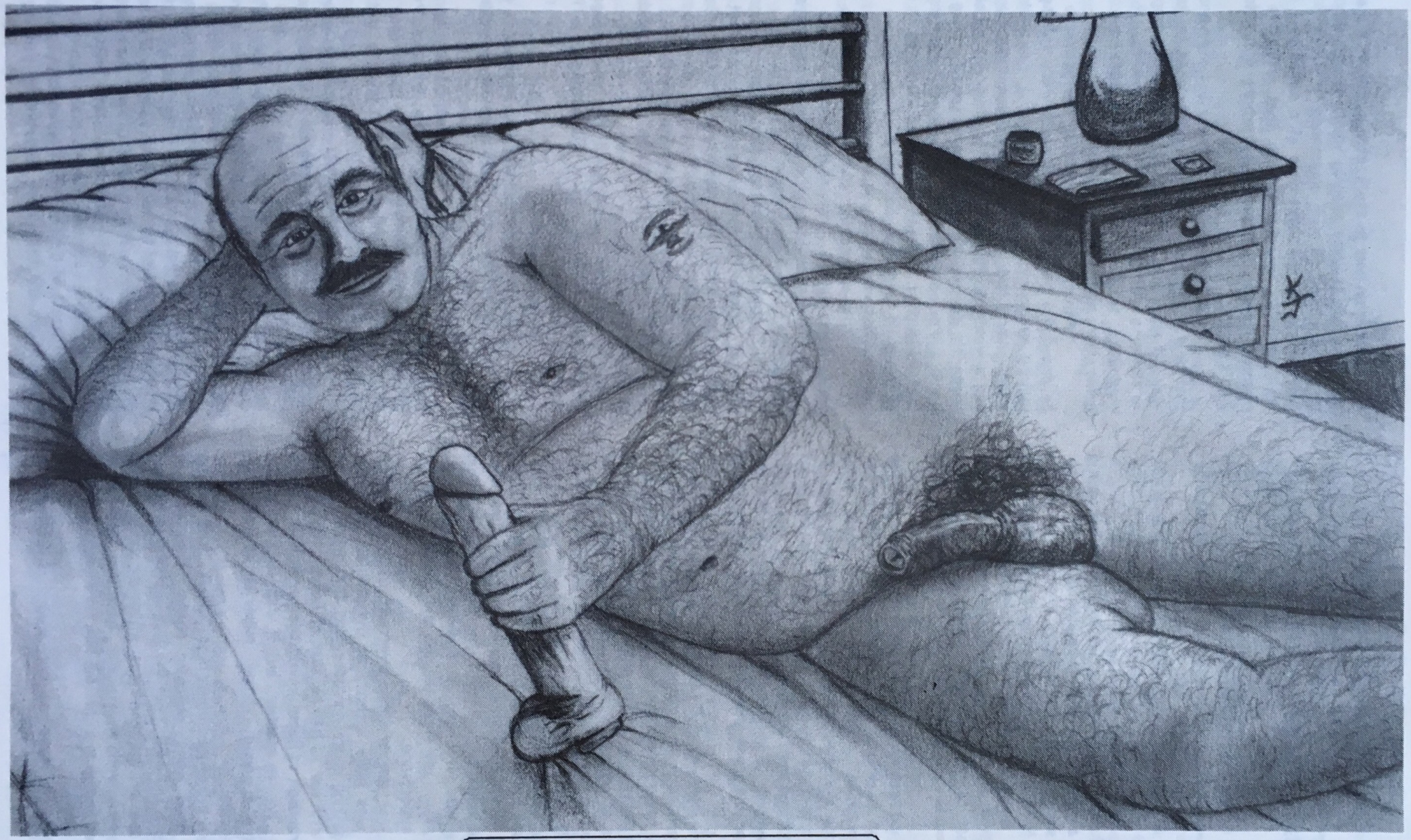
I MAY NOT STAY HARD AS LONG AS I ONCE DID--BUT I HAVE SOMETHING THAT WILL!

CAN YOU NAME HIS HORSE?

by KENN RICHIE

"Scout."

The tan faced cowboy flashed his perfect pearly whites in a huge smile. "How'd you know that?"

I shrugged my shoulders. I thought everyone knew it. He'd posed the question as if his memory had drawn a temporary blank, so I'd meant only to be helpful. Now, he was tilting the rather tattered straw cowboy hat to the back of his thick crop of wavey chestnut curls as if he'd just witnessed something quite amazing.

I had been on my guard since I'd arrived at these stables not to let on that I found him to be rather amazing in himself. This was the sort of beefy, sexy hunk of ripe man-flesh that set hearts to pounding! It was not an appropriate place for someone like me to let on that I noticed such things.

"Anyway," he drawled, "this here is like the grandson or the great grandson. He's about as gentle as they get."

"He looks bored," I suggested. "Not that I blame him. Descended from a rather famous movie star, and reduced to being rented out for rides through the park?" I gave the horse a pat on the nose as I'd seen Dale Evans and dozens of others do in thousands of films, but he only stared at me with disinterest. "How do I get on this thing?"

My young guide only grinned this time. He'd been advised that I'd never before ridden a horse. He'd been good about explaining and assuring me, and was now helpful in placing my foot in the stirrup and boosting me by the ass. His hand, in that general area of my body, distracted me from the fun and adventure of the first time experience.

It was one of those overcast spring mornings and there was little activity at the stables, so I was probably getting more consideration than usual. That was fine with me. I had no fear of horses, no visions that old grandson of Scout would buck or bolt or behave in a tacky, horsey manner, but it was well worth the fee to have a young, strong, experienced horseman riding alongside.

He'd introduced himself as "Chuck," and judging from his good looks, outgoing charm, knowledge of movie horses and such, I got the impression that he was probably one of the hundreds of young people who migrate to Hollywood every year, haunt the streets for awhile, then end up in a shit job like taking city folks for horseback rides.

We were soon on our way. I listened to instruotions on how to start, stop and steer the animal, but it seemed to know exactly where it was supposed to go without need of such commands. "I feel like a kid getting laid for the first time at a cathouse," I joked. "One of life's great moments that will live in his memory forever, but to the old whore it's, "Ho, hum, who's next?"

Chuck appreciated the image and even confessed that he'd had his first sexual exlperience in just that way. It was "man talk" enought to remind me again not to flutter a wild eyelash, but it surprised me, for he so obviously was of the post "sexual revolution" generation, and he was gorgeous!

"With me, it was a sort of peer pressure thing," he drawled. "All the guys I knew were talking about making out so much, I got to where I was ashamed to admit I never had, and finally got desperate enough to go pay a woman to find out what the fuss was all about. I guess it's like you deciding to go horseback riding."

"I'm not getting a lot of peer pressure about that," I laughed. "It was just one of the items on my list of things I'd never done before."

"Not even when you was a kid?"

"The automobile was invented before I was born," I complained. "I'm not that old."

"Well, you knew the name of the horse that Tonto rode in the 'Lone Ranger.'"

"I could have learned that from re-runs, or a game of 'Trivial Pursuit,' I countered, but that boyish grin of his demanded honesty. "M'God, Saturday mornings at the El Camino Theater. Seven cartoons, serial and a feature selected by the local P.T.A."

"El Camino," he considered. "That sounds like it would be in California."

"San Rafael, before it got piss elegant," I remembered fondly. "The El Camino's a Penny's department store last I heard."

"Things change."

"Too fast. It's a yuppy plot to make us feel old and useless before our time....mandatory retirement. Shit."

"Well, you sure ain't shoppin' for no rockin' chair," he beamed. "God, I love this, what you're doing. Riding a horse was something you've never done before, so you just go out and do it. You know? I think I'm having more fun than you are."

"I think old grandson here is bored to tears."

"How did you happen to pick on horseback riding?"

"It's just one of many," I reported. "The first workday morning that I didn't have to go to work, I sat down and made a list. Oh, there are a few things I might still pass on, like hang gliding, but I surprised myself by filling quite a few pages. When I started adding PLACES I'd never seen, just in and around Los Angeles, and some of them only blocks from where I live, I damn near filled the whole notebook! Well, right here, right now, for example. This back door to the park horse trail. I've never thought of Griffith Park as much more than the Planetarium and the Greek Theatre or parking places

between the two. This is new to me."

"It's a big park. There are some places people hardly ever go. Hey? You want to see some really great spots?"

"I only planned on a hour or two."

"Aww, c'mon! Nobody comes out on a gloomy day like this; we have the whole park to ourselves, just about. They won't try to charge you extra if we stay out all afternoon, I won't let 'em. C'mon. I love this whole idea of showing you things you've never seen or done before."

"Well, if you insist, 'Hi ho Silver,' or....I think the grandson of Tonto's trusty steed is sleepwalking."

"C'mon!"

It wasn't a great distance, nor did it take long to reach it, but Chuck led me to a remote hilltop that would have seemed a thousand miles from civilization were it not for the view of the busy, sprawling city below. He helped me off, then reined both our horses before leading me along a small footpath to the very top of the rise. He stood, pointing out various landmarks that were visable through the swirling remnants of dissipating mist. I, however, found a convenient rock. It felt good to sit on something that didn't move.

Chuck's mountain man stance in his tight levis, western shirt and boots gave me another flashing memory of days when I was required to watch my manners and behave properly. Kiddy matinees at the El Camino. It occurred to me that some of those B-movie western wilderness epics might have been filmed on this very spot. I thought a bit of the illusions and the deceptions that the town of Hollywood, just below us, had mastered. Those who seek adventure and dreams in a darkened theatre are willing to believe anything they're told. I'd often heard the old movie industry oredo, "A rock is a rock, a tree is a tree, shoot it in Griffith Park."

"Some folks come up here to....well, to be naughty," Chuck blushed. "About the only way you could be seen is if a helicopter flew over."

"That's another thing on my list. I've never flown in a helicopter."

"I guess every man's got things he's never done before," he said in a soft, almost tormentingly suggestive voice. "I guess lots of first tiomes have happened right here, on cloudy days like this when there ain't no helicopters around."

I thought it impossible that he was edging toward such a topic of conversation, but I didn't want to discourage him if he was. "You mean, like what you learned....or didn't learn at the cathouse."

"Well, along those lines," he grinned, his hand suboonsciously rubbing his muscular thigh. When he turned slightly toward me, I had to insist to myself that it couldn't have been as deliberate as it appeared! If he'd come to Hollywood to be an actor or a model, he'd know something about posing, and he was definitely posing for me! I wasn't going to argue about it, the ample curves that bulged in his levis had considerable artistic value.

"I guess every man has things like that he's never done, too," I ventured, carefully.

"I'd love to see that list of yours," he grinned. "Maybe there's more than just horseback riding that I could do for you....or show you."

".....along those lines?"

"I don't think I'd mind that at all," he near whispered.

I glanced down the hill to the dreamland of Hollywood, then aside to where we'd left the horses. A glance beyond revealed that no one was on the trail up the hillside; we were not going to be disturbed. "I...ahm. Well, I never was too adventurous about things like that," I lied like a bastard.

"I am," he sighed. "I'm the sort of guy to like just about everything. At least, I'll try anything at least once."

"I don't think I'm going to go hang gliding, but I'm not ruling out too many other things that I've never done before."

"Maybe something you always wondered about? Wanted to try?" Some of his fingers curled up and around his leg toward what was a slowly growing bulge!

There was no doubt left in my mind that this downright sensational hunk of a cowboy was mine to enjoy! It was only the terms of the fantasy he'd created in his hint dropping toward it that felt uncertain.

He'd become so fascinated by my wanting new experiences that I didn't have the heart to tell him I'd been actively gay since virtually the day after my cathouse initiation! When I'd first laid eyes on him this morning, a lusty desire had made my heart flutter, but I cooled it quickly. I didn't think I'd have a chance with one so attractive, young, sexy and masculine! Now, however, probably because it delighted him to give me new adventures, he was ready to go for it. I felt rather like a charity case, like one of the sick kids they treat to a visit to Disneyland, but I wasn't too proud to accept a little charity.

My big worry at the moment was whether or not I could play the part! He'd been to this great place to be "naughty" many times before, so he wouldn't be easy to fool. How was I going to fake being new to an art I'd mastered long ago? Still, I was sitting on top of Hollywood, the home of illusions, and the least I could do was try. "I....I've never done....ahm....gay things," I gulped, priding myself on my convincing blush, but crediting it to the enormity of the lie.

"You have that on your list?"

"Ahmmm, well, it's not something I wrote down," I flushed, catching myself at staring at his crotch and forcing a look up to his face. That serious, yet smiling and almost hopeful expression did me in. "But, yeah....I guess it's something I've always thought I might try someday. I mean, if I happened to be with a guy I liked who'd let me just....try it."

"Try what? Exactly?"

"Well, ahm....you know, what gay guys do...ahm...well, ahh, suck?"

I knew he wasn't going to be shocked, but I was

a bit taken back when he so quickly moved those fingers on over to the buttons of his tight pants and asked, casually, "You like me, don't you?" I only nodded before he finished the thought with an announcement, "and, I'll let you." Now it was his turn to suffer that moment of wondering if he might have shocked me. "That's only if you really want to," he added quickly. "I mean, I'd love just letting you try something new, and...Well, if you want to try it."

"Ohhhh, well," I stammered, thinking my performance was Oscar worthy. "This is a perfect place, and I'd probably never have another chance to be with a fine, young, healthy, good looking, nice guy like you. But, I don't know if I'd be any good at it." I worried a bit that I might be overacting.

"I wouldn't expect you to do more than just try a little," he urged. "It's not like you have to go all the way with it. You can just stop any time you think you don't like it, or if you get tired."

I'd get tired of sucking cock non stop around next January, I thought to myself. "Well, why not, right? Okay, I'll give it a shot."

I wanted to get my fingers on that denim and do some peeling back, tormenting, unveiling of the treasure, but he was getting so hot on the spot that he proceeded to flip the buttons as one might tear the top off a box of corn flakes. His fancy western belt buckle flew off to the side and caught a ray of the day's first sunlight. I could have made some erotic, dramatic music with that too had I not been stuck in the role of the beginner.

My earlier guess had been right. He hadn't worn anything under the pants. That young, hunky stud probably never did when he took people out for a ride!

Oh, but he had every right to be proud. There, standing before me, at not quite full attention, was one absolutely beautiful hunk of meat. Its foreskin gift wrap curled over a pronounced bulb shape, then tapered down to about the size of a dime....with a peek-a-boo piss slit peering out as the skin rolled, ever so slowly, back over the ripe, red fruit. It still pointed somewhat downward, toward Hollywood, but it was climbing to the sky with regular pulse beats. It lifted from the two glistening egg shaped balls it had been resting upon, and left them to await further instructions. There was no great length to the awakening beauty, nor was it overly abundant in girth. It was a perfect mouthful.

I considered something idiotic like bashfully asking him permission to touch it, but didn't want to pad my part. I simply took those great balls in my cupped hand, lifted and tumbled them as my fingers sought the more strategic target.

"I'm not quite as big as some guys," he apologized.

"I know, but who cares," I responded, suddenly catching myself. "I mean, ahm...I've seen pictures in magazines, and...ahm, well, I wouldn't want something gigantic like that for my very first try." The head of firm strength speared a bit more from its wrappings. Shut up before you blow it, I told myself, all but howling over the double meaning of my words.

I desperately wanted to get my face burrowed into the warm valley between his only slightly parted legs. I wanted to wash those balls, then polish them one by one in my mouth. I wanted to see if I could get my tongue up and under as far as the hole of his tight, compact ass. All of these joys were denied to my having to play the part of a first timer, but then, there was a bit of an erotic kick in that too! "I....ahm...I think it might be better if I take my dentures out."

"Oh, yeah! Oh, man, that's great!"

"All right....then, ahm....Well, I guess I just...ah...here goes," I gulped, hamming it up something awful, but apparently getting him explosive with the fantasy! The only sure way to get me to shut up was to put a gag in my mouth.

Delicious! A magnificent gourmet treat of vague saltiness sent gushers of saliva from the backs of my cheeks like a duet of orgasms! This, complimented by the aroma of lingering "manly perfumed" soap, blended with what really was a sweet scent of horseshit rising from his boots, all but sent me flying off the mountaintop!

My tongue explored the ridges around his solid crown, and flicked playfully into the tiny slit. His moaning excitement and pleasure, along with his grasp of my shoulder was a joyous vote of confidence. "See if you can take a little more," he near pleaded.

The only thing I couldn't take any more of was the bullshit of pretending this was my first time. The hell with that! I grabbed his ass, pulled him forward and started sucking cock!

He gasped, moaned, sighed, whimpered and cried out to the point where even our horses whinneyed back. I gave some thought, perhaps, as to how I might explain why I had no trouble deep throating his lance, gumming it tightly, tongue tormenting the head on the backstrokes and serving all the rest of the techniques I'd learned over the years, but I wasn't going to worry about that now!

The first time game had him hotter than the sun that was now breaking through the clouds. Too hot. All too soon, he began gasping a warning that he was about to fire his weapon. He seemed to be asking if I wanted to let go before that happened. The hell I did! I yanked him by the ass and sent his raging cock to where it was lodged helplessly in my throat, jerking and throbbing about as if trying to escape my clutches. It recoiled slightly, then soared back to iron before he let go with one blazing hot burst of total surrender.

He humped a stroke or two, fucking my willing face, as more spasms of his bountiful, thick cum splashed about over my rejoicing tongue.

Back on the horses, heading down the hill, he was far from the talkative, grinning, outgoing young stud he was on the way up. I began to worry that he was a bit pissed that I had displayed a degree more "natural talent" than was believable. Finally, I had to ask the damned cliche question of, "Was I that bad at it?"

"No. Hell, no, you're fantastic," he laughed. "I dunno. It's not like I got something to compare, but it sure felt good to me, like you really knew what you were doing."

"You aren't sore for one little lie, are you? Hey, it was my first time....on the hilltop."

"Oh. You've done it before?"

"Ummm...a few times."

"I guess that idea of yours of going out and doing things you've never done before kinda got to me," he sighed. "Guys around here are trying to hit on me all the time, so I guess I've been getting curious about it. Hey, I'm glad I tried it."

"You...?"

"There. You see? Like in the cathouse. It's gonna be an experience I'll have in my memory for the rest of my life, but to you, it's just, 'Ho hum, who's next?'"

"Oh, no way! Hey, I wish I'd known. I mean, are you...?"

"Shook up or something? Nah. They say it never means a thing to just try something once. It only counts if you like it enough to want to go back and do it again."

"Yeah....that makes sense."

"So, when are you going to be back to ride again? Tomorrow, maybe?"

****

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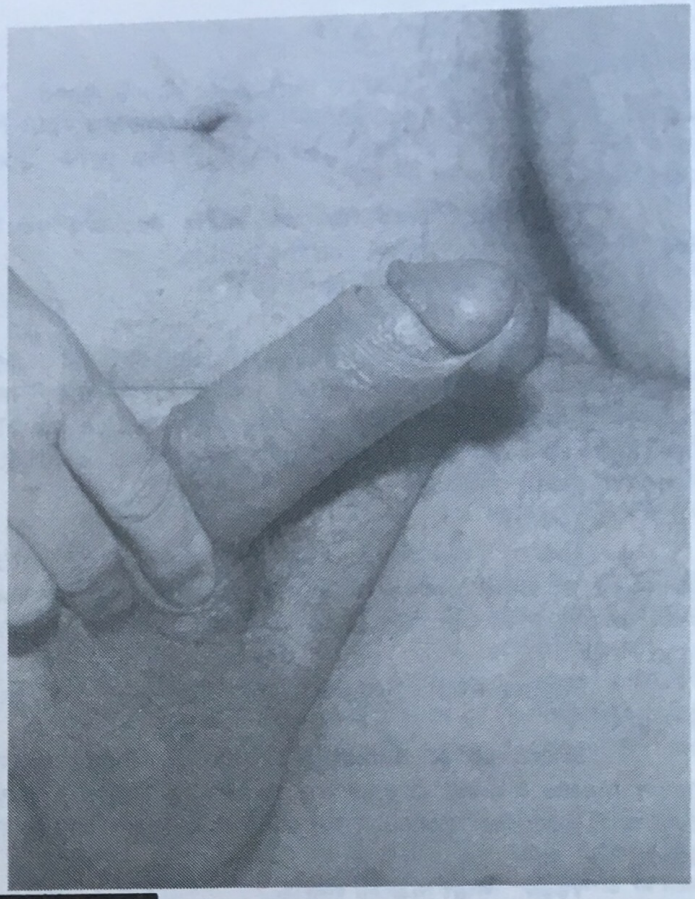

THE RED BARON
photo by simba

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NEWSFRONT

GANNETT NEWS SERVICE: According to University of Michigan researchers, socially isolated and lonely adults run as great a risk of developing health problems--and dying prematurely--as smokers. The studies were done at the university's Institute for Social Research. "The data indicates that social isolation is as significant to mortality rates as smoking, high blood pressure, high cholesterol, obesity and lack of physical exercise," according to a statement from James S. House. House is a research scientist at the insitute and chairman of the university's department of Sociology. The study, called "Social Relationships and Health," was published in Science magazine. Many earlier studies have shown a link between social isolation and health, but the cause and effect has not been well established. Among the questions that have faced researchers are: Does poor health cause people to cut themselves off from other people? Or does the lack of social relationships cause illness? After analyzing seven prior studies of humans in the U.S. and Europe, the researchers concluded that the lack of relationships in the life of an isolated person can cause illness. "But the researchers aren't sure why social isolation is a risk factor for premature death," said Karl Landis, one of the study's authors. "One theory," House said, "is that social relationships affect the brain in ways that inhibit faster breathing and a quickened heartbeat."

LOS ANGELES TIMES, 8-3-88: President Reagan, issuing his formal response to the presidential AIDS commission's strategy for combatting the AIDS epidemic, announced that he will delay any decision on the sensitive anti-discrimination issue until the attorney general can study its full legal implications. In explaining Reagan's response, Dr. Donald Ian Macdonald, Reagan's drug policy adviser, who crafted the statement, said the President sought to balance the need for compassion and care for AIDS sufferers against "an unwillingness to reward the behaviors that cause [the spread of] the infection."

LOS ANGELES TIMES, 8-6-88: As the production on "Cocoon II: The Return" finishes up in Coral Gables, Florida, the film makers haven't forgotten that the age issue was not considered a plus on the original "Cacoon" until the movie was released and the audiences said that it was. "Featuring them as prominently as we did was something that happened in the editing process," said Lili Fini Zanuck, the co-producer on both films with her husband, Richard D. Zanuck, and David Brown. "In the screenplay the older characters were very carefully balanced against the other elements. In fact, the fear that the first one wouldn't work for an audience was so strong that [20th Century Fox] dictated that members of our older cast were not to have their pictures taken for publicity reasons without a member of the young cast. And the [poster] was just the hardest thing to come up with because we couldn't use the older cast members in it at all."

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I WAS JUST THINKING
by bill harris

I was just thinking about progress, or the lack of it. I recently came across a magazine about one of my favorite things--masturbation. In it, they were promoting the use of a machine that jerks you off while you read, drive your car, sit in church, etc. I love the inventor because he's obviously a person who is much preoccupied with sex. And I love people who are preoccupied with sex --especially those who are willing to admit it. You've got to love cock to invent a jerk off machine, right?

But the question comes to mind--is this really technological progress? There are some things I'd rather do manually, I think. Now, if I were so busy that I couldn't find a few minutes to stroke my member long enough to reach satisfaction, then I suppose a machine would come in handy. But, on the other hand, if I were that busy would I have time to realize I was horny enough to want to jerk off?

There is something about skin rubbing on skin that, to me at least, exceeds the pleasure of plastic on skin. Am I sounding old-fashioned or backward or unprogressive? It is like comparing the biscuits that pop out of a cardboard container with the ones my grandmother used to make, using her hands to knead the dough. There is something about skin that is, you know, kinda warm and wonderful and personal and sexy and human and experienced; I don't think I'd get that from plastic.

And with a machine, wouldn't the rythm be monotonous? Or does it have a computer inside that tells it when to slow down and when to speed up, when to squeeze and when to let loose, when to do short strokes and when to do long ones, when to expand to the adjacent areas and when to stay on the shaft, etc.? If the inventor has incorporated that sensitivity into the machine, then he's really sex -crazed and worthy of my highest admiration. This inventor has his mind on all the right things, right?

And then there's the aesthetics...To my somewhat warped appreciation of art, I find sperm shooting to be rather beautiful. Am I being perverse or demented or sex-crazed? But art appreciation was not the subject that led to my valedictory --come to think of it, nothing else did either. But this machine has a long tube on the end where that beautiful stuff goes. Now the tube is cum-colored which means the vision must be drastically curbed. Right?

So what if it is sticky and slimy and messy and gooey and it makes your hair stiff! But would a picnic be fun if you didn't make enough mess to need to clean up afterwards?

But if you spent $150 for one of these machines, bring it over and I'll try it. I've always been a proponent of the theory: don't knock it until you've tried it. But can't I be skeptical at least until you get here?

****

SOME THOUGHTS ON RETIREMENT

For you fellows who are thinking about retiring and wonder where you'll go, don't neglect to check out the Southern California desert area made up of Victorville, Hesperia, Apple Valley, Lucern Valley, Twenty-nine Palms, Joshua Tree, Yucca Valley, Morongo Valley, Desert Hot Springs, Palm Springs, Cathedral City, Palm Desert, Rancho Mirage, Indian Wells, Indio, Banning, Beaumont and Hemet. Housing ranges from four million dollar hilltop mansions in Palm Springs to $19,000 mobile homes in the high desert.

If you're serious about retiring to a healthy climate with still wide open spaces and a substantial population of mature gay men, plan a trip down this way some day and arrange to rent a car and check out some of these areas. We'd like to meet you, too.

If you want to find out more by mail, call (619 555-1212 and ask the operator for the number for the Chamber of Commerce in the city you're interested in. Then call them and ask for some literature to be sent to you.

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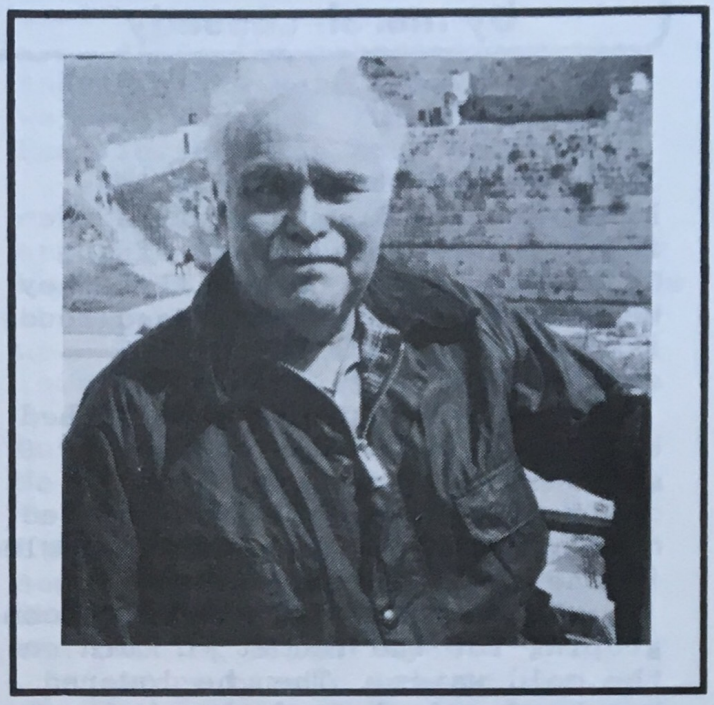
TRAVELIN TIME
by newt deiter



This is a very special edition of TRAVELIN TIME, because it marks the start of my second year with SWAN. First, let me share with all of you that my life has been considerably enriched through my involvement with SWAN. Without exception, the people I have met through letters, phone calls and in person have been outstanding, caring men, and the association has brought me much pleasure. Also, for those of you who have decided to avail yourselves of our professional services, of course, my deepest thanks.

Just a word about our Mardi Gras trip. As of this writing, we still have ten of the original twenty rooms available. I'd certainly like to see many of you joining us. If you've been waiting to make up your mind, do it now! We will be making final payment to the Landmark Hotel around November 1st, so check the Travel Advisors ad for my phone numbers and give me a personal call and we'll try and accommodate you.

The past twelve months have been an extremely busy time, it seems, as if I've been gone more than I've been home. Certainly, I've spent more time outside the country than I've really wanted to. Since returning from taking a tour group to England the early part of June, I have been at home enjoying the comfort of my house, my dogs and some friends--and it's been wonderful! Two business trips took me to domestic destinations and here is a short report on those areas:

I guess, like many of us, I often feel that I've "left my heart in San Francisco." The city is filled with gay owned hotels and Bed & Breakfast establishments. The restaurants are as great as ever, and the welcome that San Franciscans give to visitors is still as warm as ever. What took me to San Francisco was the quarterly board meeting of the International Gay Travel Association. I was able to meet with colleagues from all over the world, look at new travel products, and exchange ideas. Some of the things that came out of these meetings I know will be of interest to you, and I will elaborate on these in future columns. Speaking of Bed & Breakfast establishments, if any of you have first hand information on gay-friendly or gay-owned establishments, please share the information with us, so that we can share it with our readers.

The middle of August found me in Cincinnati for the first time ever. I went back for a car club meeting and, with the exception of the heat, was charmed by the city and the people. A hearty "meat and potato" lifestyle makes you feel really welcome. Since the city was settled by people from Central Europe, food and hospitality are really great. I was pleasantly surprised to find an active gay life in the city. There is an MCC church and most of the other gay religious organizations (Dignity, Integrity, etc.) are represented. Although I didn't visit them all, I understand that they have about thirty gay bars and/or restaurants.

I am pleased to announce that we have entered into an agreement with MAN ABOUT, Europe's premier gay owned travel company. We will be representing them in the U.S. MAN ABOUT offers numerous prepaid city packages out of London to most major cities in Europe, as well as gay owned properties on Mykonos, Ibiza and Sitges. If you'd like to see what is available, let me know and I'll be happy to pass on a copy of their brochure.

On September 1st, I'll be heading out on my own vacation. A couple of days in London, then on to Ibiza for a few days, Athens for a week, Mykonos, then Frankfort on the way home. It has been a number of years since I've visited Ibiza and Athens and I am eager to discover what is new and exciting there. During the aforementioned San Francisco meeting, a colleague shared the name of a gay owned tour company in Greece, headquartered in Athens. I've written the owner and through him, expect I'll be exposed to some new and different things.

We are on countdown for our New Orleans Trip, as well as the 1989 RSVP Cruises, and some of the other activities planned for next year. It looks like 1989 will be an exciting year for me and New Orleans in February starts it off. I look forward to seeing some of you there and visiting with you in the next issue of SWAN. Keep those letters flowing in.

ON DUSTED WINGS OF NIGHT

by marsh cassady

Jerry Tarnaky heard the voices first. A low murmuring like the indistinguishable sounds of a Gregorian chant. Gradually, they became louder and louder and louder like all the souls of hell screaming in anguish.

He jerked straight up in bed. His mouth was as dry as finely-ground sand. His eyes ached dully. He struggled from the bed, nearly tripping, his feet entangled in the sweat-drenched sheet.

He stumbled into the bathroom, groping for the faucet to turn on the cold water. Then he lowered his head and slurped the cool water till his belly felt like a giant balloon. He turned off the tap, squinted his eyes and snapped on the light.

The travel clock in the corner read "5:22." Jesus, he was tired. He sighed and ran a hand over the stubble on his cheeks and chin.

Maybe he should see a doctor, a psychiatrist. But he'd always prided himself on how sensible he was, how sane. Always the one with the right decision, the logical answers.

He splashed water on his face and reached for a towel. He rubbed his face, and when he opened his eyes, he saw he held Andy's towel. Andy's! Yes, there were the initials near the border. "AST," written in a fancy scroll. Andrew Samuel Tarnaky. It had gotten mixed up with his. A towel belonging to his crazy half-brother, dead for nearly six months. He flung it into the corner.

Turning on the tap again, he squirted a glob of blue toothpaste onto his brush, stuck it into his mouth and began to wiggle it up and down, faster and faster and faster and faster.

"Jesus Christ!" he screamed. He slammed the brush into the pale yellow wall where it splattered blue droplets and slid to the counter. "Get control of yourself," he said. He picked up the brush, rinsed it off and replaced it in the holder. He rinsed out his mouth. Then he dampened a washcloth and swiped at the wall. A dream, he thought. Just a damned dream. Moths. The rustling wings of moths. Thousands upon thousands with silver wings and luminescent eyes. Hideous eyes. Pupil-less, flaming eyes.

He clenched his teeth till his jaw ached. "It's only a dream. Nothing more than a dream," he told himself. But why did it seem so real? The dusted wings, the murmuring sounds coming closer and closer and closer. It had something to do with Andy. He didn't know what, but he was in the dream. Their father was there as well. He sighed deeply, trying to calm his mind. But he thought once more of Andy instead.

They'd never gotten along. Andy was the mercurial one, soaring to heights of ecstasy and depths of despair, while Jerry just plodded. "The Comet" and "Old Faithful." That's what his stepmother used to call them before she left, abandoning them for another man. He'd tried to comfort Andy. "Damn you," his brother had screamed. "Damn you. Just leave me alone." Jerry had never tried to get close again.

The trouble was that they just never understood each other. They couldn't relate. Andy had been three years younger than Jerry, as fair as he was dark.

Neither of them had ever married. Jerry never expected to. But he certainly thought Andy would. But when their stepmother left, Andy, then sixteen, stopped seeing all of his friends. He came home from school each day and stared out the window or read. His

moods became more erratic than ever. The following year Jerry entered San Diego State and majored in business. Four years later he got a job as an accountant, passed his CPA exams and worked his way to the top. At fifty-two he was president of his own accounting firm, the largest in the city. And he had no social life at all.

"Why?" he asked himself. "Why? Why? Why?" He knew the answer, of course, but didn't want to admit it. He suspected Andy had always known too. "So what!" he screamed at his image in the mirror. "So what! Plenty of others have felt the same way. Plenty of other brothers wanted to . . ."

But what of Andy? Did he feel the same? If not, where did the hate come from, except as a denial? They did hate each other. They tried to pretend it was normal sibling rivalry. But the anger continued to build. Until that terrible night.

Jerry frowned. "Of course, that's what causes the nightmares," he said aloud. "The guilt. But it was his own choice." Such a petty argument. Whether to have red wine or white. Jerry shook his head. Only a dolt would want to have . . . No, no, that was wrong. Poor Andy was dead. He couldn't think that way.

But white wine with veal chops? How barbaric. "Stop it," he told himself again. What does it really matter? He's dead, and it's done with. Yet once the tape had started to unwind in his mind, he couldn't stop it.

Andy came home from work at the bookstore and cooked the meal. Jerry stopped for the wine. A good cabernet sauvignon. "Red wine, for God's sake!" Andy said. "Any ignoramus knows better than that."

"Who made you such an expert on wine?" Jerry asked. The argument built till Andy stormed out in the rain to the garage.

In a few moments Jerry heard him tearing down the driveway in his MG. Tires squealed as he spun around the corner. Then had come the crash. Andy and the car smashed beyond recognition; the semi hardly dented at all.

After the memorial service, Andy's ashes were tossed to the waves. The peaceful ocean. The Pacific. But was Andy peaceful?

Suddenly, Jerry felt exhausted, the weight of years of arguing and desiring what he knew he couldn't have settling onto his shoulders. He'd intended to stay up. To get dressed and take time to read the morning papers. The *L.A. Times*, *The San Diego Union*. But it was too much of an effort. He had to leave for work at 7:45. Yet he could hardly lift his arms. Like an old man. Like his and Andy's father wasting away. Shrinking away to skin and bones and burning bright eyes.

Jerry barely made it out of the bathroom to fall sideways across the bed. Then the voices began again. Harsher, shriller than ever before. And closer. The moths. The moths. Ugly snouts and piercing eyes. And mouths with tiny teeth. Gaping drooling mouths. Drops of drool like strands of melted glass oozing through the air, seeming to connect the moths in a slimy kind of honey comb.

Closer and closer and closer they came till his face was covered with pollen-like dust from fluttering, clapping wings and pumping spindle-like legs. Flapping, screaming, laser sounds that cut through layers of skin and skull and brain.

They swarmed over his body, tickling and biting and settling in on his face. One of them landed on his left eye. Another then lit on his right, completely blocking his vision. He couldn't get them off and started to scream. Dozens more crawled over his lips and inside his mouth, their taste like rancid butter. They burrowed into his nose and ears. Their bodies stank of rot and decay.

With all the strength he could muster, he threw himself off the bed and clawed at his face. He could barely breathe and couldn't see. Yet somehow he was able to hear. Not the chanting babble he'd heard before. But laughter. The laugh of someone he knew. A laugh of abandon. His half-brother's laugh. And then another voice.

"No, Andy," it said. "You can't do this. You had your chance for life. That's all that you can ask."

"He killed me. Don't you know he killed me, Father? As surely as if he'd sent a bullet bursting through my brain." Then he began to laugh again.

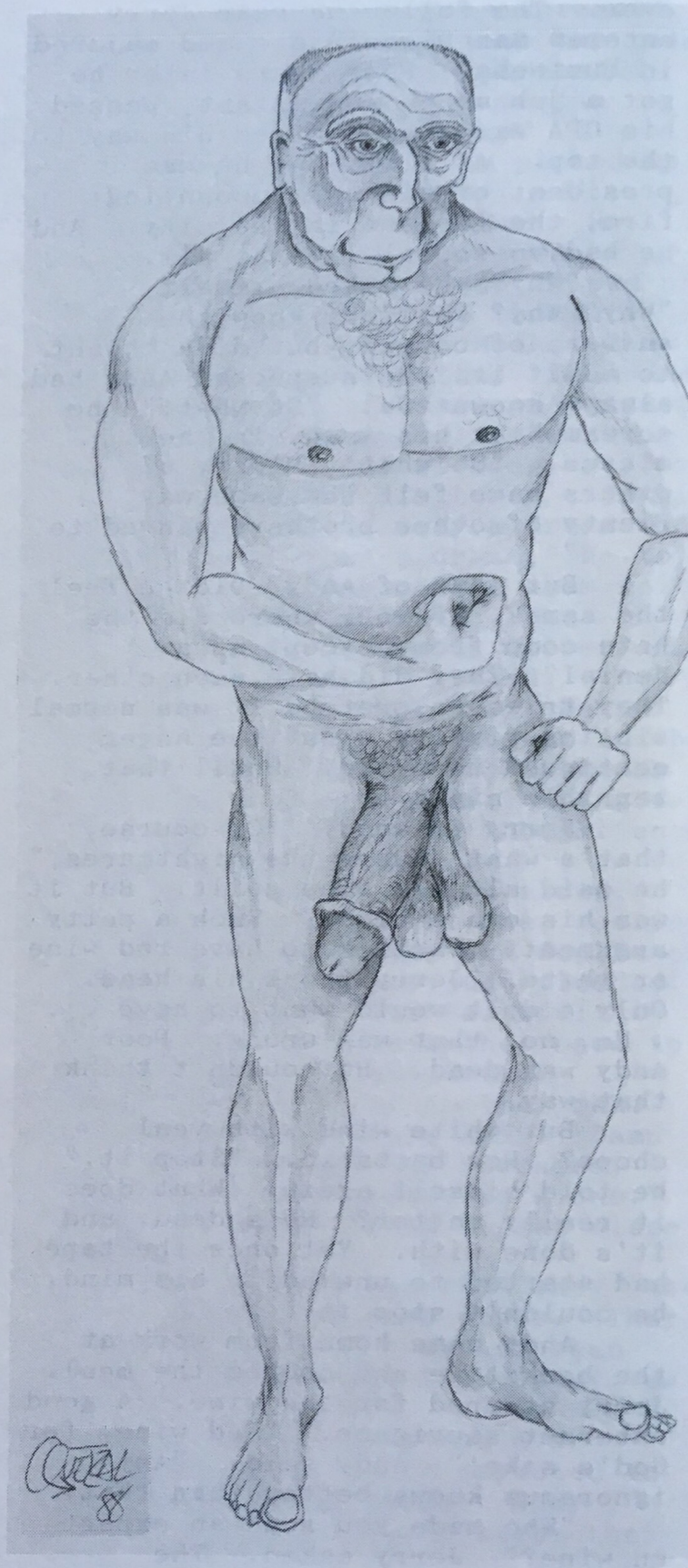
"That isn't so and you know it."

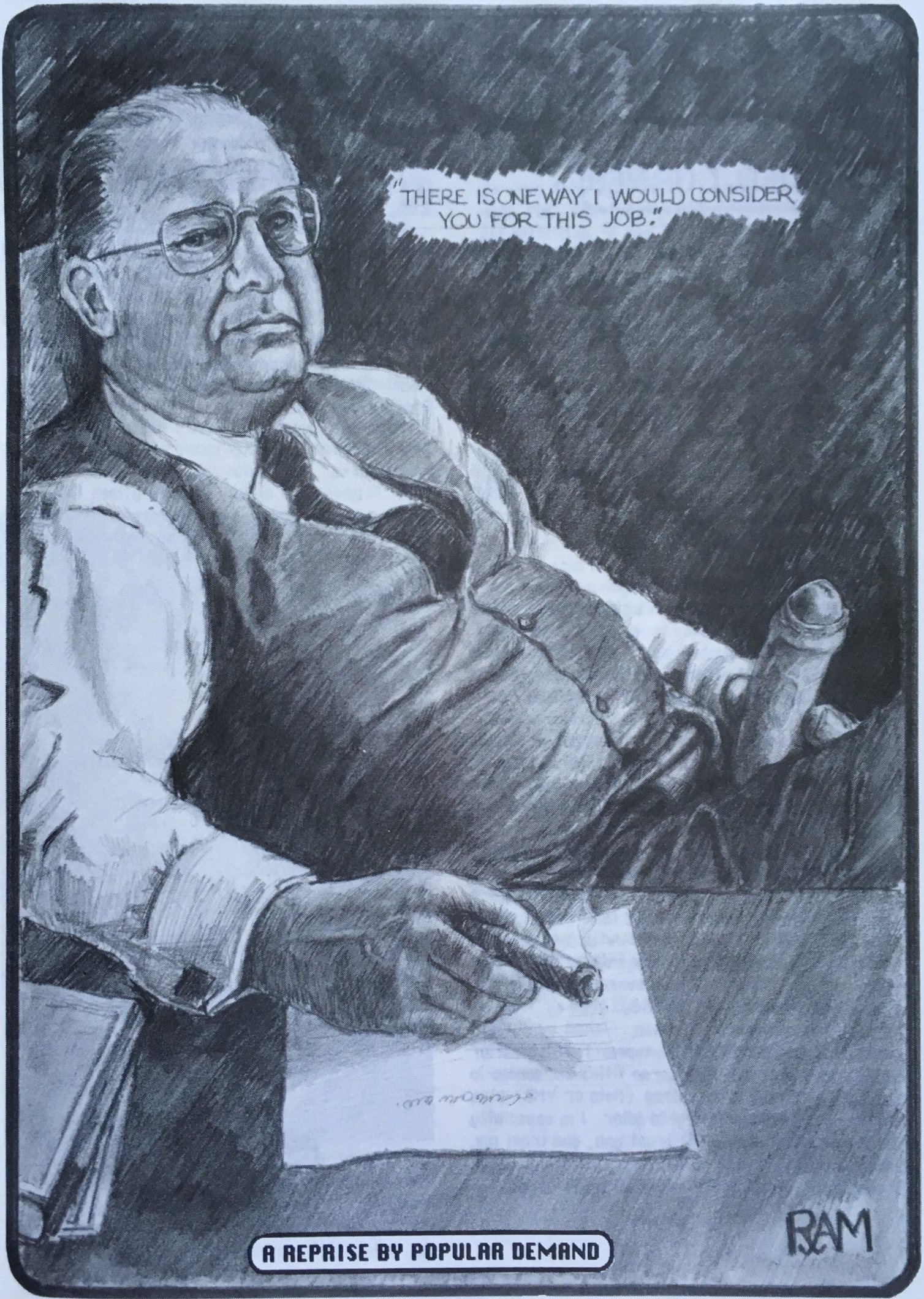
"Did you ever see how he looked at me? How he wanted my body?" His laughter was wild and coarse. "Well, I wanted his body too. Oh, how I wanted his body. You never knew that, did you, Father? But you see I wouldn't admit it. I wouldn't let that bastard have the satisfaction of knowing. But it's different now. Everything is different."

Jerry's nose and mouth were packed with moths, burrowing deeper and deeper. He raked and gouged and pulled and couldn't breathe. He felt his mind a suddenly shrinking light. As he fell back down on the bed, he thought: The short story by Benet, "'The Devil and Daniel Webster.' The tiny soul, a moth in a box. How did Benet know? How did he ever know?"

The alarm clock sounded at 6:30. Jerry awakened, opened gritty eyes and examined his body. "An accountant?" he said. "How very, very dull." He walked to the bathroom, looked in the mirror and threw back his head. Bubbling from deep inside Jerry's chest, Andy's laugh echoed raucously within the narrow walls.

THE END

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NOTE: Write to coded advertisers the same way you would write to a bird codeword. Seal your letter, stamp it, write codeword in pencil in the center, place it inside another envelope and mail it to SWAN.

Wanted: Anyone who can duplicate any SWAN movies from American Standard N.T.S.C. to Australian Standard P.A.L. If anyone can help me out, please contact M. Cirnigliaro, P.O. Box 453, Petersham, N.S.W., 2049, AUSTRALIA. (YC 10/88)

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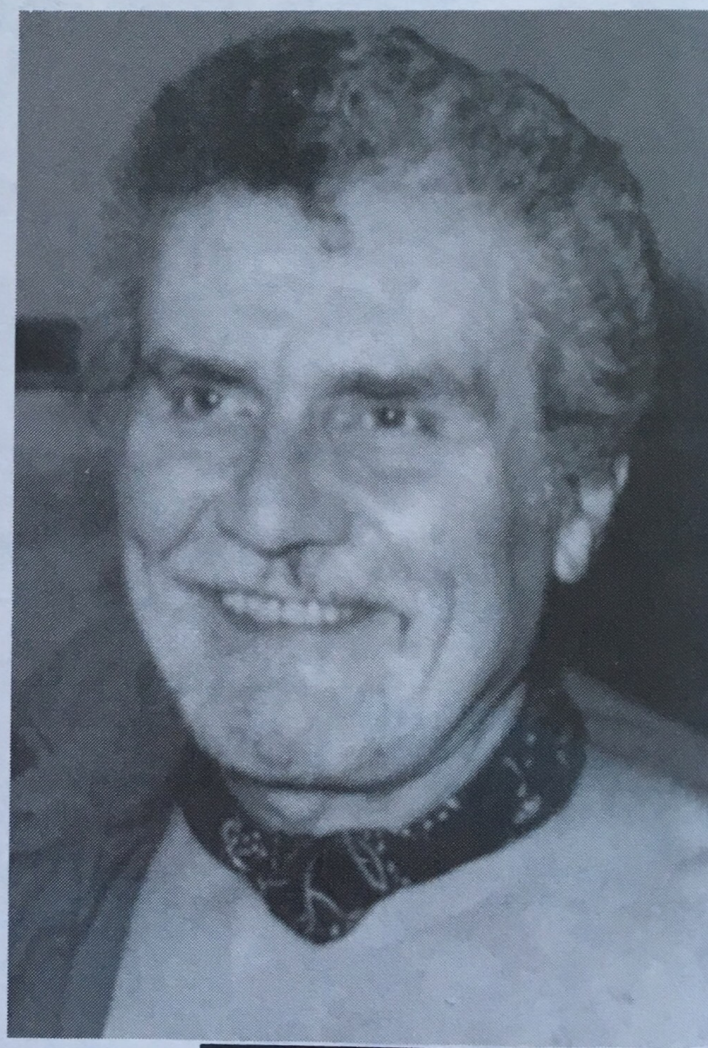

ADAM
self portrait

THE ROVING SKEPTIC

by XYLOPHANG

I had a very interesting conversation with a young gay activist the other day. He offered a very disturbing reason why he discriminated against older gay men. He said that, in the past, he would initiate a conversation with an older man out of compassion, but most of the time, he regretted it. "It is utterly amazing why so many older gay men are so right wing, politically," he lamented. "What really provokes me is how many of these reactionary assholes have the balls to brag about voting for Reagan and actually praise that genocidal (graphically wicked noun deleted)." He went on to tell about one older gay man who sided with the conservatives about not helping those with AIDS. Apparently, after the man became convinced that the exclusively oral gays were not coming down with the disease, it was easy to say that those who contracted AIDS brought it upon themselves. The young man wondered how many older gay men thought that way and wondered what would happen to them if they said something like that around those who've suffered so much because of AIDS.

Personally, I haven't heard such a dangerous remark being made. I say dangerous, because I think that I would physically attack such a person. I have found myself sitting next to jerks who boast about voting for Reagan and still praise him. One was actually a dinner guest at my house, but I merely ignored the remark out of harmony (he was the big dicked trick of a good friend, who doesn't give doodly shit about politics). But when he praised Reagan without qualification, wasn't he in fact condoning Reagan's AIDS policies? Are there really a substantial amount of right wing gay men out there who not only love Reagan but ***fully endorse*** his "AIDS policy?"

If The ADVOCATE's Dave Walter can unleash such a hostile outcry from AIDS activists over his statement that a substantial percentage of us will survive the AIDS epidemic (ostensibly, the AIDS activists think that gay people will stop being petrified and start living again, thereby reducing the ranks of supporters), then I shudder to think what they would do to a 65 year old, silver haired PWA bigot with flashy diamonds and a long Cadillac.

All along I've felt that most of us would survive this epidemic. I haven't necessarily been that convinced about my own prognosis (superstition to say otherwise?), but I don't dwell on it and I live my life as cleanly as possible. But I have a couple of friends--good friends--who are dying of AIDS and I am outraged that anyone, especially gays themselves, would insinuate that they "brought it on themselves with a kinky lifestyle." I expect that from creeps like Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell, but not from some 63 year old cocksucker. I'm so outraged, in fact, that I have begun to avoid "conservative" gays, lest they provoke me into doing something I would pay dearly for in court.

Economics notwithstanding, the conservative's most pronounced trait is a derisiveness directed toward minorities and the less economically blessed. They are generally mean spirited and exhibit not a trace of compassion or benevolence for the masses, for fear that their peers will brand them .....arghhhh ....LIBERAL! But "mean spirited" is the key here. Study all the prominent "conservatives" of the world and see what they have in common. How different are Jesse Helms, James Kilpatrick and Pat Buchannan from the current conservative leaders of Iran, South Africa, Israel, Chile and Great Britian?

The gay "conservative" is an anathema and the label has not a whit to do with economics. He is pushing his luck if he persists in boldly supporting conservative causes which adversely affect homosexuals. Multiply what the conservatives did to the word "liberal" by ten, and that's the stigma which will accompany the gay conservative of the future.

So next time you pop off about how much you love Ronnie, don't mistake some stranger's stare for a come on. You just might be in serious trouble.

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ARCHIE
a true story
by HORNED TOAD

Archie was a straight guy if ever there was one. He was quite macho in that his entire growing up days were spent competing in sports. He was a super boxer at age 14. He won the New Rochelle, New York, version of Golden Gloves as a teenager. He was also an excellent ten-pin bowler, averaging over 190. This was back in the late 20's and 30's. He was still bowling in the 180's when I met him in 1962 at the age of 56.

Archie was a free spirited guy who loved to have a good time. He liked his booze but never became a lush. He loved the excitement of hangling around the "Speakeasies" back in prohibition days.

He was one horny fella and was always on the make with the girls from age 9 or 10 until getting married at age 40. He had been to bed with many by that time and lived a couple of years with one gal in New York City. He told me about shacking up with a married woman with two kids whose husband worked second shift. She would get her husband off to work, then call Archie and he would come over. They would fuck 3 or 4 times until it was almost time for her husband to come home. Archie also mentioned that over the two and one half years he was putting it to her, she got pregnant and had a baby boy that was his spitting image. Her husband never caught on and the affair broke up when Archie was drafted into the Army in 1942.

I met Archie at a bowling alley in Willimantic, Connecticut, in the fall of '62. I replaced his team captain who had to quit. There was an immediate attraction to Archie but I was married with two little ones, aged 2 and 4, at the time. Besides, I had never admitted to myself at that stage in my life that I would ever want to have sex with a man. It just never entered my head. I just knew I wanted to become Archie's friend and spend time with him. Archie was far more reserved than I and he didn't warm to me for several years, although we did start doing things together several times a year, like going to see the Red Sox in Boston or to Yankee Stadium. He was a Yankee fan and I was always a Red Sox fan. Archie started taking me into his confidence when I started buying him a shot of CC before going bowling on Wednesday nights. We would stop at the French Club, which was right on the way and less than a mile from the alleys. Archie wasn't really cheap, but he was controlled by his wife and she only gave him an allowance each week for buying a paper and having coffee each morning and noon. She made sure it wasn't enough to get bombed on. He had lost the privilege of holding his paycheck many years earlier by occasionally getting bombed and being arrested for driving under the influence. In his case it was probably a good thing for his wife to hold the purse strings, or they would never save a dime.

Well, the more I bought Archie his booze, the more he started to look forward to seeing me. This was especially true on holidays when Archie would long for something to do to break up a rather dull existence. I would meet him on these occasions downtown as he walked along Main Street in Willimantic. I would take him to the VFW or French Club and we would get high together.

The first time I noticed I was getting horny with him was after a bowling banquet and we were both half in the bag from all that free booze. Don't get the idea that we drank a lot, because we only got together about a dozen times in a whole year for drinking--not counting the couple we had on bowling night (every Wednesday, September to May). I had just taken him home after a banquet in May, 1968, six years after meeting him. He was so loaded, he couldn't find his keys in his pant pocket, so he asked if I could find them. When I reached into his pocket, I got a surge of horniness in my balls and couldn't resist feeling around to see how big he was.

He felt what I was doing and looked up at me and said, "Are you a homosexual?"

I paid no attention to his question and just went about my business of getting his keys and opening his door and saying goodnight.

It was the summer of '69 when I finally got to spend a whole morning with Archie and found him in the same horny mood that I was in. I had wanted to teach him about golf and we went to an old cow pasture type course in Brooklyn, Connecticutt, at 9 in the morning. It was a hot day and Archie soon found that he didn't care for golf. He elected to watch me play 9 holes while he just tagged along. I'm sure we all know how even one beer can go to your head when you're hungry and have been exercising. Well, that's how it was with us that hot summer day and the cold beer tasted really good. It put us into a rather silly mood and, with Archie, a drinking mood, so on the way home he asked me to stop for one more beer at a restaurant about 100 yards from the bowling alley. After downing our bottles of beer we both needed to piss some of it out. We went to the men's room together and found that it only had a sit down flush and no urinals, so we both took out our cocks and let them go while standing very close to each other. I liked being that close to Archie with our cocks only inches from each other. It didn't bother Archie either. The beer had probably removed any inhibitions there might ordinarily have been. Well, as I said, I was feeling silly and adventurous so as I finished up and before putting my cock back into my pants, I flicked the head of it toward the head of Archie's cock, making contact twice. I really didn't know what to expect from Archie, but was delighted when he did likewise with his cock. My cock was longer but Archie's was a little fatter and had a bigger crown, making it a beautiful sight to behold. By his touching my cock with his, I felt an immediate surge of horniness go through my balls and my cock immediately started to harden. Archie didn't seem to notice it, though, and we both put our joy stick

away and went back to the bar to finish up our beer.

As we were taking the last swallow and sitting there on bar stools in our Bermuda shorts, I nudged Archie and pointed to my now full erection, which by now was all but peeking out beyond my shorts. I said, "Archie, look what you did to me."

He immediately said, "Shhhh...the bartender will see you."

So we finished and left for the car. I was still so hot from what had happened, that I quickly thought of something to keep Archie's mind on my hard on. I said to him, "I'll bet you're too old to get a hard on like that."

He shocked me by saying, "If you kissed it, it would come up."

That's all I wanted to hear and my mind started to race with thoughts of places we could go to complete what we had started. I found a place about one mile from Archie's home just off a country road, behind an abandoned house. By the time I had stopped the car and turned off the engine, Archie already had his pants unzipped and his cock was out, standing stiff as a board. This all happened without playing with it, so I knew right then that there was nothing wrong with Archie's erection abilities. Well, I was down on that beautiful thing faster than one could imagine--even though I had never had a cock in my mouth in my life. Some things just come naturally. Well, I went up and down as deep as I could, pushing his cockhead to the back of my throat and with not more than 4 or 5 ups and downs, Archie began to spurt cum like there was no tomorrow. Either I didn't know how to swallow fast enough or Archie was just spurting it out too fast, or both, but anyway, he got completely soaked with his own cum. There was cum everywhere: on his belly, on both his thighs, all over his balls and dripping down onto his jockey shorts. I was never so turned on and excited in my entire life as at that moment.

Oh yes, as I went up and down on his stiff rod, he kept saying over and over, "Thank you....Thank you....Thank you....Thank you."

I'll never forget that for as long as I live. If God has prepared any kind of heaven that I would be interested in, it would have to include Archie with me reliving those ten years of orgasmic pleasure that lasted until his death on a Tuesday morning in 1979, while he was out performing his school crossing duties. He suffered a massive heart attack while sitting behind the wheel of his 1974 Mercury Cougar. Well, Archie died on October 2, 1979, and after going through the most miserable period of mourning I had ever felt --much worse than losing my Mom and Pop--I slowly started feeling the need for another cock to hold and make love to. You see, I had moved out from my wife of 23 years when it was clear that she was going to continue an affair with her choir director and that the love had left our marriage. Since then I have learned quite a lot about the gay world, but have much yet to learn. Because Archie was 25 years older than I, I am also certain that my feelings and yearning will not be satisfied unless I find someone a little like him and considerably older than I. Until I do, I expect to share my cock with clean, discreet men, who want to make mad oral love to it and this will keep me happy until I find the right one, hopefully.

No one will every take the place of Archie, of course. The 1974 Mercury Courgar he died in now has 115,000 miles on it. After he died, I bought it and still drive it. I'll cherish it until it too dies.

****

SWAN

PUBLICATION POLICIES

SWAN offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. Because we are still struggling to catch on, we can't pay cash for your creations, but we can surely get you noticed and we can pay you in other ways.

SWAN seeks works that hold the older man in a positive light. They can be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

a. Cartoons.
b. Short Stories, not more than 10 pages, in any genre.
c. Drawings, no larger than 8 x 10.
d. Poetry.
e. Essays, not more than 3 pages.
f. Articles --health, reviews, current events, how-to guides, gossip, etc.
g. Photographs--full portrait, undisguised preferred. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Action photos considered for special issues only. Releases required for all photographs.

Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 21 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or beastiality will not be considered.

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in SWAN copies, subscriptions or special issues as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screenplays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted.

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FINE TUNING THE RECORD

We would like to thank Kevin Connal with The ADVOCATE for a well written, highly positive feature article on SWAN in Issue 506. We would also like to thank Pat Califia with The ADVOCATE for the gracious plug in her "Advisor" column in Issue 502. The overall effect has been phenomenal and, suddenly, we are being taken seriously. We would like to make the following clarifications, however, just to keep the record straight:

Pat Califia's column in Issue 502.

a. It was not our intent to imply that ADVOCATE readers had to be talked down to. Our intent was to imply that we expect pretense from NEW YORK TIMES writers, but not from ADVOCATE writers.

b. Califia did not deserve our "fortune cookie" crack and was apologized to prior to her SWAN plug.

Kevin Connal's article in Issue 506.

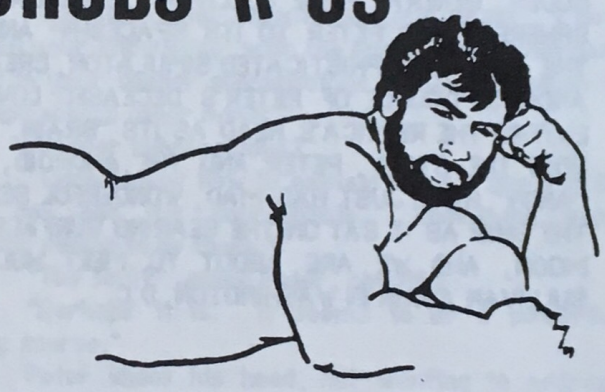
a. Kevin states: "But Colley hopes it won't be too long before SWAN reaches a large enough readership to afford the luxury of being more selective about [photos which show] up on SWAN's pages." We respond: we will never turn down a photo because we think that the subject is not attractive enough to grace our pages. Any increase in selectivity will have to do with the quality of the photograph. All body sizes, conditions, colors and ages will be featured, because we sincerely believe that all men are attractive to someone.

b. I took exception during the interview about Connal's charge that we seemed "to shy away from hard-hitting controversies such as the AIDS issue." Those of you who've followed our NEWSFRONT column the past several issues can attest to the fact that we do not shy away from it. On the other hand, we do not build our entire magazine around AIDS, like certain other publications do.

c. It was not my intent to relate in an unqualified way that "older gays don't want to hear about [AIDS]." My intent was to relate that I wondered how many readers wanted to hear about AIDS, since we had received very little feedback about our AIDS articles.

We urge all our readers to read these two issues of The ADVOCATE and to fully understand the implications. The ADVOCATE sincerely cares about senior gays and will soon be doing an article on PRIME TIMERS. They deserve your patronage!

CHUBS R US



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SULJI'S SPHERE

a novel by OCHO

(CONTINUED FROM AUGUST 88 ISSUE)

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO'VE JUST JOINED US, THIS IS THE STORY OF AN OLDER GAY MAN NAMED PETER WADE, WHOSE LOVER HAS BEEN MURDERED. DISTRAUT AND SUICIDAL, HE MOVES TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND STUMBLES UPON AN ALIEN, HOVERING, SPHERICAL ROBOT, WHICH CONVINCES HIM THAT THEY CAN HELP EACH OTHER AND DO SOMETHING OF CONSEQUENCE FOR MANKIND. MEANWHILE, WE ARE INTRODUCED TO AIR FORCE GENERAL AND MEMBER OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF, BOB HOLTZ, ALONG WITH HIS SECRETLY GAY BUDDY, GENERAL ERNIE SULLIVAN. EVENTUALLY, THE SPHERE TAKES PETER TO ITS SPACESHIP AND, WITH THE AID OF A SOPHISTICATED SIMULATOR, CREATES AN ANDROID DOUBLE OF PETER'S DECEASED LOVER AND ENTERS THE REPLICA'S HEAD AS ITS "BRAIN." AS WE JOIN THE STORY, PETER AND THE ANDROID, CALLED "ANDY" HAVE JUST HAD MAD, WONDERFUL SEX INSIDE THE SHIP AS IT SAT ON THE SEARING SURFACE OF THE MOON, AND WE ARE ABOUT TO MEET HOLTZ AND SULLIVAN AGAIN IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

THREE

General Holtz and Lieutenant General Sullivan were very close friends. They had met in Korea as pilots and solidified their relationship years later in Viet Nam. It was an accommodating relationship--Sullivan idolized Holtz and Holtz enjoyed Sullivan's fawning. Although Holtz surrounded himself with servile subordinates, Sullivan was his favorite because of his high rank. Moreover, there seemed to be an element of intrigue--something in the way Sullivan looked at him.

As usual, Holtz walked just ahead of him, flaunting his superiority. Instead of looking into Sullivan's eyes, he looked down and tilted his head to acknowledge his conversation.

Sullivan said: "So then I asked her if she'd ever been sandwiched by two generals. You should've seen her eyes light up. 'You're a *general*?' Well, she wanted to ball it right then, but I knew she'd be right up your alley. She's definitely game for a three-way."

"Jesus, you're always complaining about not getting enough ass, Ernie. Why didn't you take her to a fucking hotel?" said Holtz, thinking, *You'd do anything to see me in action, wouldn't you?* He looked up and down the Pentagon hallway. "You're becoming a voyeur, Ernie."

"Hey, Bob. We've done it before and you though it was great." *And you're an exhibitionist,* h thought.

"I'll think about it. How long will she be i town?"

"She leaves for New York tomorrow night."

"We'll see. I have to call Colonel Simpson a Edwards. He's got a problem with UFO's. Lots o sightings lately."

"Okay, but I have to let her know thi afternoon."

****

"Colonel Simpson? General Holtz, here. What' your problem? More of the same?"

"Afraid so, General. About thirty people saw the lights from the Barstow Freeway. Too close t Edwards, I'd say."

"Have you really searched the area?"

"We sent a couple of choppers out, but didn't find anything. The sightings covered a pretty big area."

"Anything in the papers?"

"The usual. This time, there was an L.A. man coming back from Vegas. Flipped his lid. Says that something sent a probe into his head. His brain was fried on drugs, though."

"Tell you what. I'll come on out next week and we can go over the reports. I assume that you haven't forgotten the incident a couple of years ago at Baker."

"No way I'll ever forget that."

"Could be the same ones. Could be burrowed in the sand like the last time.....I'll let you know something more definite toward the end of this week. Anymore sightings, let me know."

"Yes, sir."

****

She was a beautiful redhead with the figure of a dancer--dressed to lure. She sat in a chair next to the coffee table, over which hung a cheap lamp and on which was a Gideons Bible. Her body language clearly stated that she was going to be difficult.

"I've never made it with two men before."

"I thought you said this was all arranged," said Holtz, impatiently.

Sullivan cleared his throat and sat in the other chair beside the coffee table. "Hey, baby. Remember? I said threeway."

"I thought you were kidding."

"Christ," said Holtz, getting up from the bed.

"Wait, Bob. Hey, baby, come on. What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid you'll hurt me."

Holtz sat back down on the side of the bed. *What a dumb cunt,* he thought. *But God, is she built.*

"If we hurt you, just tell us and we'll stop."

She searched Sullivan's eyes for sincerety. She had used the coy routine before. Actually, she hoped it would be rough--the rougher the better. She just wanted to call the shots and bring it along at her own pace. "Okay, but no rough stuff. This is new to me," she said, innocently.

Lying cunt, thought Holtz, quickly taking off his clothes.

She casually began to undress and watched as Holtz lay nude on the bed, stroking the largest cock she'd ever seen. His testicles were lemon sized and both cock and balls were a vibrant, rosy color. His silky, auburn/grey body hair was plentiful, especially on his chest. She stared into his light blue, almost sadistic eyes and shuddered as he licked his lips lightly. She pored over his massive arms and chest, down over his powerful legs.

Finally, she glanced at Sullivan, who was much less muscled and nowhere near as hung. *No contest*, she thought, returning her gaze to Holtz.

After Sullivan sat on the other edge of the bed, she climbed in between them and eagerly grabbed Holtz' steel-hard cock. Both men began to fondle her about the breasts and crotch, but she seemed oblivious to Sullivan.

At first, Sullivan felt left out, but gradually realized that the chemistry was perfect for Holtz. He therefore retreated and watched while fondling himself.

Holtz glanced at him and smiled knowingly, then pulled the girl's head down toward his cock.

She took the pre-cum-slick head inside her mouth and shuddered. As the shudder moved up her body, it seemed to ripple into him and cause him to tremble slightly. He combed his fingers through her red hair and connected his fingers in back of her head, then rythmically pulled her up and down his shaft.

She began to gag as his cock swelled even more and Sullivan felt a strong urge to throw her from the bed and bury the wrist sized penis deeply into his throat. The vision of this surfaced in his mind so vividly that he felt a surge in his balls and knew that he was about to shoot.

Suddenly, Holtz roughly pulled her off and threw her to her back, swiftly mounting her. Her eyes rolled up in ecstacy as he powerfully entered her all the way.

"Oh, God," she wispered, grateful that she didn't have to finish him off with her mouth.

"Oh, shit, Ernie!" He glanced at Sullivan with enflamed eyes and red face. "This is good pussy!"

Sullivan staggered backwards to a chair and sat, jacking himself wildly.

Holtz fucked her savagely, eliciting a cry from her with each thrust. "Awwwww, man! Good pussy....fantastic pussy!!" he yelled.

She cried out in ecastacy, causing Holtz to fuck faster and more powerfully.

Suddenly, Sullivan's cock spat its load all over the carpeting and one drop landed on the bed four feet away.

Then, Holtz began to growl like a huge bear, shaking violently as he exploded inside her.

As the cries subsided to moans, Holtz quickly dismounted her and staggered into the bathroom. Sullivan slowly stood and looked down at her closed eyes. He felt a powerful urge to go down on her and suck Holtz' jissom out of her gaping opening.

Instead, he walked into the bathroom to clean up and receive his "attaboy" from the man he loved more than anything in the world.

****

Peter lay high upon the green bed, watching the huge ceiling screen and approaching earth. He felt the bed descending and turned onto his side. Andy's forehead appeared, then his smiling face, then his glistening chest.

He climbed onto the bed and lay on his side, facing Peter. "Did you sleep well?"

"Like I died and went to heaven. And what did you do all that time?"

"Completed my assault on your brain. I now have all your knowledge, with the exception of that part locked in your deeper subconscious. I have to begin to read and absorb other minds."

"Deeper subconscious?"

"I don't know how to explain it. It's like a little black box and it's impregnable. Something very profound seems to be there."

"The soul?" asked Peter, childlike.

"Perhaps it is. It seems to be a powerful energy source."

Peter shook his head, not wanting to address such profound thoughts. He looked up at the screen. "Are we going back?"

"Yes. I just wanted you to experience having sex on the moon."

"That was considerate of you," said Peter, kissing him on the forehead.

"Mysteries must now be solved--like what does collective intelligence *really* mean? Soul... Love.... Compassion and conscience. Moreover, the technological level of the nations on this planet."

"How?" asked Peter, obviously lost now in Andy's eyes.

"Reading everything I can get my hands on, primarily. Then we socialize and work our way into more lucrative situations. We must meet professors, statesmen, military personnel....."

"You're going to absorb military secrets?"

"Yes."

Peter felt uncomfortable. "But I always understood that military secrets are limited to a select few....you know, like no one person has the whole spectrum. Shit, you'd have to absorb hundreds of minds."

"Not really. I absorb at the highest level--from someone who has the clearance to see all the documents. Each drawing or document he has seen is photographed by his mind, even though he hasn't the ability to

comprehend it. I absorb an exact copy of that photograph and can retrieve it."

"Do we go as a gay couple?" asked Peter.

"No....As man and wife."

"Man and wife?" Peter was dumbfounded, then began to smile as he considered having to get in drag.

"You had a good friend once by the name of Tina Girrard. She was killed in an auto accident four years ago."

Peter nodded.

"She was quite beautiful, was she not?"

Peter nodded again.

Andy smiled broadly as the large drawer opened and presented the duplicate of Tina Girrard. Peter sat up quickly and gawked at the form.

"The vulva and clitoris have to be modified and made more realistic, in case one of our future acquaintances prefers cunnilingus--but that's a minor consideration."

"Hi, Tina," said Peter, laughing nervously.

"You get the picture now?"

Peter nodded.

"What do we call her?"

"Uh....You know?....I don't want to complicate things any more than I have to, so let's call her Andrea."

"Android Andrea and her brother Andy. Very creative, Pete," said Andy, facetiously.

Peter was caught off guard with Andy's new found sense of humor and the fact that he called him "Pete." It was as if he had suddenly taken some of Bob's characteristics.

"Next, money," continued Andy. "With the money in your wallet, I've precisely reproduced an amount which will aid us in living quite elegantly. The serial numbers were juxtaposed by the computer, so the bills are useable for quite a while."

Peter strained to maintain his calm. His head was whirling with all the thoughts of consequences and implications. Then, as Andy became aware of his anxiety, he suddenly found that he could merely wipe the thoughts out and think only of what lay ahead.

Andy smiled and nodded a congratulation. "We buy a house in the Los Angeles area as Peter Wade and friend. Then, we rent an apartment in the Washington, D.C. area as Mister and Mistress Peter...whatever. I'll think of an important sounding name.....Drivers license.....I reproduced a license I saw once in my other body and changed the photograph to my image. My name is William Tillis. Better known as Andy."

"What if you get stopped by the police? Wait a minute.....You can't even drive."

"I absorb your driving instinct. And, if I get stopped, the real William Tillis will be responsible. He was pretty nasty toward me anyway. If I 'm arrested, I merely 'suggest' the policeman forget it."

"Suggest? Oh, I see.....Like Spock in ***STAR TREK***."

Andy's computer recalled thousands of bits of information on what Peter's memory had stored on the television show. Within a fraction of a second, he had isolated a scene featuring Spock's immobilizing the enemy with a touch, then sent all the information back into his memory banks. "Yes."

"You've figured out all the angles, haven't you?"

"Just about."

Peter looked suspiciously at the body on the slab.

"This is a two-way street, Peter. For every hour we spend feeding my memory, we spend another making you happy. I promise you that. She will be used strictly for others. Andy is exclusively yours. Deal?"

"Deal." Peter smiled and allowed himself to feel elated, if only for a moment. Inwardly, he sensed the disturbing feeling that Andy had no soul--that the relationship would be short lived. Andy only existed to the extent that the sphere's master allowed. He strangely longed to feel the presence of Bob's spirit, ensuring that life does not end.....ever.

Andy received Peter's entire thought, but had no words of comfort to say. He knew that further thought like this would lead him into a dark passage. He felt compelled to illuminate that passage and find the proper words of comfort.

FOUR

JULY

The house had two levels and sat at the top of the hill, spectacularly overlooking Laguna Beach and the Pacific Ocean. The first level consisted of a foyer with steps leading up to a living room, complete with a Degas, a Rousseau and two paintings by Monet; a huge, all electric kitchen; a glass and chrome finished dining room; and a half bath with a Picasso hanging over the commode. On the second level, there were two bedrooms, two baths and a twenty foot by twenty foot redwood terrace off the master bedroom. It was enclosed on two sides--just enough to ensure total privacy and adequate exposure to the sun.

Andy walked along the rail of the terrace wearing a vivid, orange and green silk robe. The sun was setting behind him and produced a translucence in the color quality of the robe. Peter sat in a chaise lounge in the opposite corner, clicking away with a 35 mm camera with a 150 mm lense.

"Take off the robe," said Peter, his camera ready.

Andy glanced at him and smiled. He untied his robe and let it glide down his powerful body.

Click, click.....whirl.

He faced Peter and looked at him savagely.

"Oh, yeah.....Beautiful!"

Click,click.....whirl.

He turned sideways and looked mistily out to sea.

"Incredible!"

Click, click.....whirl.

He leaned back against the railing and caused his penis to swell and become half-erect. He looked hungrily at Peter.

"You're evil, Andy. How can I have steady hands?"

Click, click.....whirl. Click, click.....whirl.

He walked to another chaise lounge near Peter and lay down. Peter crawled to a spot between Andy and the sun and focused on his face. There was just enough light to bring out the incredible color of his eyes, which were luminescent green.

Click, click.....

Peter crawled back to Andy's chaise lounge and placed his camera on a nearby cocktail table. He pulled the other chaise lounge closer and placed it next to Andy. As he lay in it, Andy reached over and held his hand.

"Have enough books to read tonight?" asked Peter.

"About six hours worth. Enough to keep me busy while you sleep. Then I can prepare your breakfast."

"You're spoiling me." Peter turned sideways, facing him. "I suppose we need more books."

"We'll go to the library tomorrow and check out more. Then we can go to the beach and I can read while you get some sun."

Peter smiled. "Great."

"I've received much information from the books, but we're coming close to the necessity of another phase. I'm going to have to find certain people to absorb from. Next week, I thought maybe we might visit the U.C.L.A. campus and look for three professors I have in mind. They were mentioned in some of the reading material. One is a nuclear physicist; one, a linguist; and the other is an anthropologist. They, my love, can provide a wealth of data."

Peter became concerned.

"No," answered Andy, reading his thoughts. "I won't hurt them. They'll never know the difference."

Peter noticed the sunset and looked in the direction of Palos Verdes.

"Quite a sunset. Aren't you going to shoot it?"

"No.....Because I've allowed myself to do something I never would have done before--before you came into my life and fucked me up....."

"You ran out of film," said Andy, before Peter could say it.

****

As Peter slept, Andy fetched the last ten books from the living room book shelves. Placing them on a coffee table, he ascended the stairway and entered the second bedroom. On the bed lay the inert, female android. Andy stood over her and inspected her once again, then kneeled and probed the modified vulva and clitoris with his finger. Indifferently, he undressed and, on hands and knees, spread her legs. He probed the opening with his tongue and felt the synthetic lubricant, which was cold without the heat generated by the sphere. A signal to his genital mechanism produced a massive, throbbing erection and he mounted her, penetrating the opening with his penis. He was convinced that his creation was more than adequate. The opening was softer and more expansive than those belonging to the two women he had made love to the night before while Peter slept. Moreover, the opening had capacity to squeeze, vibrate and even suck like a mouth. Certainly, Andrea was exceptionally more beautiful in human terms than any woman he had seen so far and would be one of the most sexually exciting women ever to be unleashed on the straight world.

****

The professor walked down the steps, then looked at his watch. He was late for his next class. Perspiration gathered within his grey mustache and he wiped it away. Nervously, he pushed his wire framed glasses back on his nose and wiped his forehead. He began to feel acutely tired, then dizzy and he slowed his gait. Looking to his right, he spotted a park bench under a tree and walked slowly toward it. He wondered if he were having a heart attack, but quickly convinced himself that it was merely the sun. Then, strangely, something seemed to invade his mind and calm him, telling him that he would be alright.

As he sat on the bench, Andy approached him.

"Are you okay, Professor?"

The professor looked at him blankly, not answering. His eyes became glazed and looked into the distance. Andy likewise became entranced and stared at the ground.

Two young women walked by and looked curiously at the two men, then continued a conversation as they passed.

Several seconds passed, then Andy abruptly rose and walked away briskly. The professor shook his head and surveyed the area anxiously to see if anyone had noticed his strange behavior. Frantically, he looked at his watch and cautiously stood. He began to walk to his next class.

****

Andy peered through the window of the classroom door and could see the professor sitting at his desk, preparing for his next class. Opening the door, he smiled and stood in the doorway. "Doctor Ito?"

The professor looked up. "Yes," he said, smiling.

"My name is Tillis, Doctor Ito," said Andy, closing the door behind him.

****

A female student entered Professor Ito's

"HOW ABOUT A NICE ROLL IN THE HAY?"

THE COLONEL
photo by kent justice

classroom and sat at a desk on the front row. Seeing the professor asleep, she smirked. "Professor," sang the young woman.

He was startled and jerked his head up. Noticing her, he became embarrassed. "Was there someone sitting there when you came in?"

The girl smiled derisively and shook her head.

****

Peter sat in the leased Cadillac, reading a book. Suddenly, the passenger door opened and Andy got in.

"Two down and one to go," he said. "The anthropologist is recuperating at home from recent surgery. Here is his address." He held up a small piece of paper.

"We're going to his home?" asked Peter, perplexed.

"Of course. Shall we?"

The Cadillac stopped in front of an old brick home on a shady, tree-lined street near the university. Andy quickly got out of the car and walked decisively to the front door of the house. He rang the bell and an elderly woman opened the door halfway.

"Mrs. Stubblefield?"

"Yes." The old woman was cautious.

"My name is Tillis. I'm a student of Professor Stubblefield's."

"Yes?" She blinked, then became acutely weak. Dazed, she backed away from the door and sat heavily on a nearby couch.

Andy walked in, closing the door behind him. He stood in the middle of the living room and gazed left, then right. He walked to the right and went down a hallway to a closed door. Carefully, he opened the door and saw an elderly man, sleeping on a day bed. Leaving the door ajar, he approached the man and stood over him.

Having spent just three minutes reproducing the professor's memory, Andy left the house silently, hurrying to the car.

"I don't believe it," said Peter.

Andy grinned and pointed ahead.

"Where to?"

"Newport Beach."

"Newport Beach?"

Andy gave him an impish look. "Where else would you go to purchase a boat?"

"A boat?" Peter stiffened and his mouth flew open.

"One of the professors is an avid sailor. He's an expert on sailing."

"You....."

"Yeah, I copied that, too. Let's go sailing, Big Daddy."

****

The sun was hot, but a breeze made it tolerable. Both lay atop a white air mattress on the deck of a sleek, forty-five foot catamaran, which was at anchor off the coast of Catalina Island. Both were nude and watched the sky as it transformed from one hue of blue to another.

"You ever try cocain?" asked Andy.

"No way.....Don't tell me you can manufacture it."

"No, but I can simulate its effect electronically."

Peter turned his head toward him, shielding the sun from his eyes with his hands. "Really?"

"How do you think I absorb memories?"

"Well, I sort of wondered, but I didn't want to blow my mind."

"I stimulate the bodies own glands, releasing the body chemicals into the bloodstream. Your body manufactures its own pain reliever and its own sedative and its own stimulant--everything your local dope peddler can provide you."

"Yeah, I think I read that someplace."

"I can release an aphrodisiac also."

"So what does all this do to your body. What about liver damage or brain damage....?"

"None. None of the professors will ever have a side effect," said Andy assuringly. "I don't want to harm anyone, Peter."

Peter smiled and Andy read his thoughts.

"You want to try it."

Peter nodded. "The aphrodisiac....And give me a wild high. I knew guys who were so strung out on drugs and I just couldn't understand what hooked them."

"This won't hook you," said Andy, releasing the signal.

A powerful rush spread from the base of his brain, sending tremors throughout his body. His lips became hot and moist and his tongue fluttered in spasms. His peripheral vision became diffused; his mind, unable to process images other than that of Andy's body.

The looming penis became an idol--a chalice, filled with some exotic, yet vital substance. He partook of the feast, engulfing the organ in one slow descent.

Andy felt something new in his sphere--something like sensation, which he discounted as autosuggestion. He felt something regardless, he thought, and he wasn't programmed to feel emotions. He buried the puzzle in a maze of memory banks and watched Peter's frenzy.

He manipulated Peter into a reciprocal position and, holding tightly, rose to a standing position. Knowing Peter was oblivious to gravity pull, he backed to the railing. With one massive flex of his legs, he and Peter catapulted into the Pacific.

As they surfaced, Peter was near panic and held Andy tightly. "You'll sink, damnit, you jerk. You don't breath air--remember?" He trod water furiously, groping for the boat.

"Does it look like I'm sinking?" said Andy, calmly.

Peter realized that they were both floating without going under at all--that Andy was holding *him* up.

"My body is made of a material similar to your polyurethane. I can't sink.....But if I held you higher than myself, I would submerge proportionately--like this." Andy looked his powerful arms around Peter's thighs and lifted him higher, sending himself under the surface, where he began to devour Peter's cock.

Submerged to his waist, Peter looked into the sky, then closed his eyes. The water around him became disturbed. He began to pitch and tilt and crossed his arms about his chest. A soft, low moan came from deeply within his body, rising and swelling to a feverish pitch. His body shook, furiously. Then his eyes opened and he ruptured in climax.

His arms dropped into the water and his body bobbled like a buoy on a lilting sea. He looked down into the water and gently cupped his hands around Andy's face, drawing him to the surface. Andy's green eyes gazed up at his blue ones from just below the surface. They appeared phosphorescent and foreign, yet somehow loving--more loving, as they pierced the surface, followed by a brilliant smile. They held each other tightly, passively undulating with the rhythm of the sea.

****

"When do we go to Washington?" asked Peter, again lying with Andy upon the air mattress, looking at the sky.

"Soon. We have that chic, expensive apartment rented, decorated and waiting. Might as well use it."

Peter felt his high begin to diminish. "I'm not looking forward to it."

"I know," said Andy. "Maybe you should stay here."

"No. I'll go--it'll make it easier for you to operate."

"True, but I don't want to see you miserable."

"I'll be twice as miserable here," said Peter, turning onto his side and facing him.

"True."

He studied Andy momentarily, then fell back onto his back. He became lost in thought.

"Don't make yourself miserable yet--we haven't gone yet." Andy rolled onto him, tickling him while pinning him to the mattress.

Peter began to laugh fitfully and tried to fight him off. He found himself helplessly trapped as two muscular legs wrapped around his right arm and two massive hands held his left arm. Looming near his face was a pulsating, glistening cock, which began to glide down his throat.

****

Holtz stood in front of the mirror, tying his tie. He looked at her reflection in the mirror and smiled. *Still turns me on,* he thought.

His ex-wife sat on the bed, watching him, thoughtfully.

"Whatcha thinkin?"

She sighed. "Wondering why I still have sex with you," she said, tightening the sash around her robe.

"Same reason as me. You're dynamite."

"Do you hate me?"

"Of coourse not," he said, turning from the mirror.

"Then it's not the same," she said, acidly.

He walked to a nearby chair and put his coat on. "You hate me?"

"Yes, but I love your body."

"You got quite a problem."

"Not really. I'm the best lay around and you're the best fuck....I don't know. Maybe I still love you."

"Probably."

She looked at him with contempt. "So cocksure. So independent."

"That's right. I don't need anybody."

"Now you don't. You reek with raw, sexual magnetism *now.* Snap your fingers and a hundred women get a wide-on. I just hope I'm around when your teeth fall out and your dick begins to look like a rotten zuccini."

"Jesus, what a bitch." He shook his hand as if it were on fire.

"I used to be a lady, until you raped my life."

He chuckled. "You never had it so good." Walking into the kitchen, he poured himself a glass of orange juice.

She leaned against the doorway, watching him. "Bob, listen to me carefully. You have to come to grips with something. It's Theresa."

He slammed his fist down on the counter, his face suddenly red. "I don't want to hear her name--understand?"

"She must have done something terrible to you, because what I see isn't the real Bob Holtz. The man I see has a chip on his shoulder and goes around hurting people. That's misplaced revenge, Bob."

"Then why did you marry me?"

"Because I got you on the rebound. You were still in love with Theresa and I reminded you of the original Theresa. I was innocent like she was at first--and you were gentle and loving."

He absently sipped the orange juice.

"I knew that then, but I felt you would come to terms with it and love me for *me.* But it didn't work out that way."

"I gotta go," he said, placing the glass on the counter.

"You began to hate her as passionately as you'd loved her. You began to hate even the early Theresa and *the innocence.* Then you began hating me and everyone around you." She studied him. "Look at yourself, Bob. You have no real friends. People treat you with respect because they *fear* you. Look at Ernie. Your best friend? No, Bob. He's a masochist and you're

brutal to him. You turn him on, for God's sake."

"Jeez," said Holtz, shaking his head. "Now you say that Sullivan is queer. Any other *brilliant* observations, Barbara?"

"I do still love you, Bob," she said, sincerely.

He looked down at his shoes, inspecting the shine, then leaned against the sink. "You telling me you want to marry again?"

"I suppose I am."

"The reason you divorced me was my playing around. That hasn't changed. You're the best, but you're not the only."

"I know."

"You can't hack it, Barbara. It would end up the same way."

"Shit. Why do I fawn over you. Why does *everyone* kiss your ass? Christ, you're poisonous..... If I had half a brain, I'd move a thousand miles away."

"Go ahead. I can take you or leave you."

Her face became covered with hatred. "How sadistic you are," she said, menacingly.

"Sadistic?"

"So sadistic."

"Whatever."

"That word.... *That's* sadistic. Everytime I ever confronted you with something that hurt me, you'd say, 'Whatever,' and turn the dagger."

"Whatever," he said, smiling.

"Get out and don't come back, Bob. I mean it," she said, softly, bitterly.

"Whatever," he said, walking out the front door.

.....TO BE CONTINUTED IN DECEMBER 88 ISSUE.

BALL CLUB

For men who have 'em and men who want 'em, the BALL CLUB is an efficiently run correspondence/contact club with a lively, quarterly newsletter full of hot stories, articles, photos, drawings and hundreds of explicit, personal ads from members of all ages and ethnic backgrounds. If you're at all into this part of the male anatomy, you'll find what you want in the BALL CLUB. We're nationwide/worldwide. For free information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: BC/SW, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769

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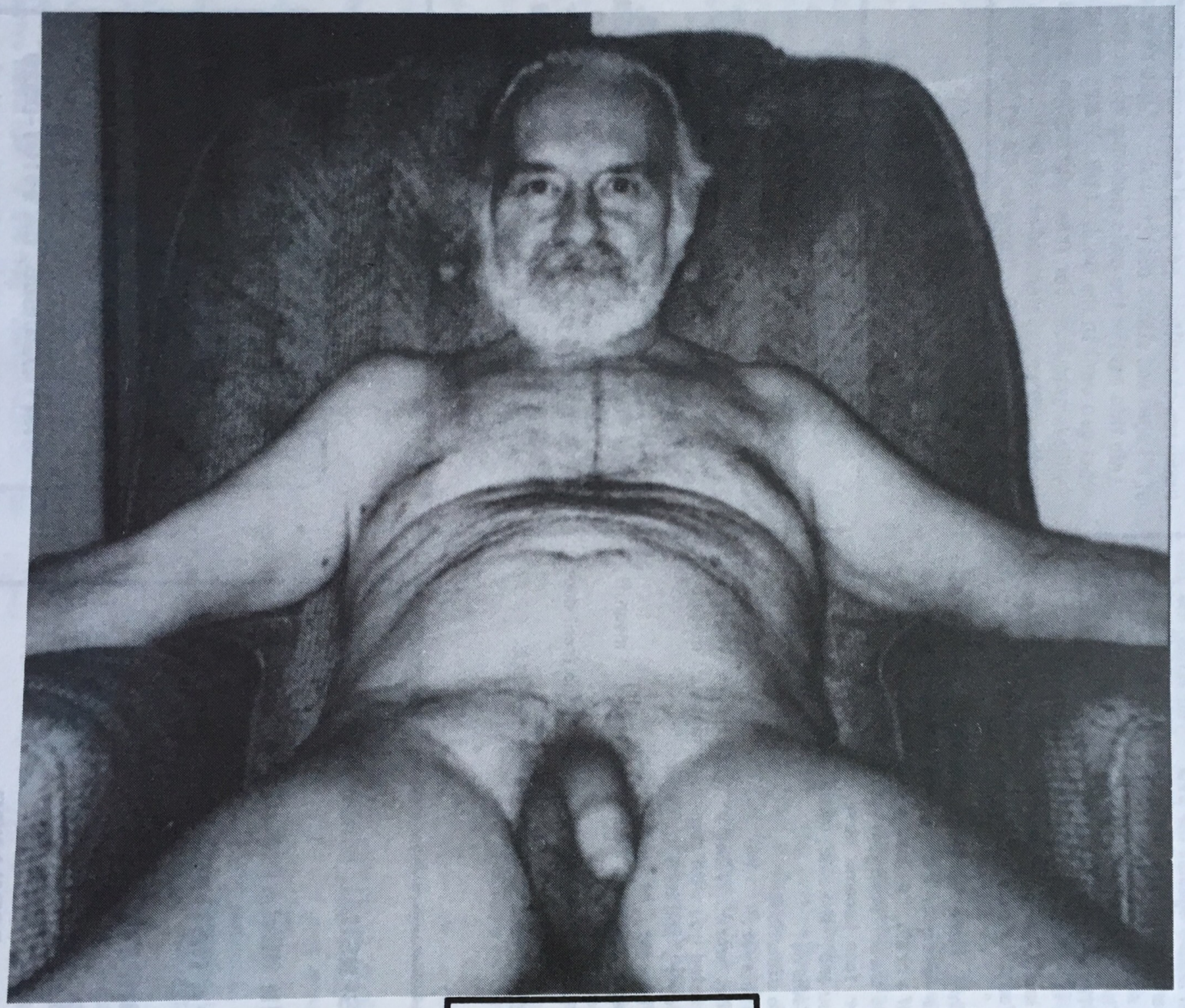

THE SILVER BEAR
photo by gull

PERSONAL ADS

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BIRMINGHAM RETIRED GWM: Heading for 69 with 69 and 71 being my favorite positions. Seeking a pal over 50 for intimate friendship. Traveling the world, interested in history, opera, etc. Am 5'-9" at 150# with thin grey hair and trimmed beard. Have 6+ and out. Was a late bloomer, am healthy and expect you to be. Will shave crotch if desired. Phone Jack at (205) 252-9327. It could be what we both want. Hunky and out a plus. (B12-12/88)

NATIONWIDE: Want to catch a horney, handsome, GWM, silver fox, 59, 6'-1", 190#? Masculine, outgoing, passionate, professional designer. Like all the arts, gourmet cooking, good wine, videos and a hot sack! Interested in explicit correspondence, phone calls, possible meetings, and even possible future relationship. Want to appreciate the pleasures of this man in high heat? Photo appreciated, will reciprocate. Write: A.H.H., P.O. Box 353, Tuskegee, AL. (H24-12/88)

ARIZONA

LOOKING FOR CHUBBY, 60 OR OVER: GWM, 65, Phoenix Metro Area, 6', 205#, brown hair cut short, retired, hung short/cut, social drinker, smoker, like to travel, bridge playing. Widower. Looking for chubby gent, same age group with smaller to average endowment and view to a permanent relationship. Want a really affectionate, loveable man. My HIV test negative. Write: BECARD (B13-12/88)

YOUNG MAN SEEKS OLDER MEN FOR FUN! W/M, early 20's, 5'-7", 145#, light brown hair, blue eyes, seeks older men (45-80), for good, clean, SAFE fun. Send photo if possible. Write: Jeff Knight, P.O. Box 25235, Phoenix, AZ 85002. (K-10/88)

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SANTA CLARA: W/M, 61, 5'-11", 190, seeks friends who enjoy corresponding and exchanging nudephotos. Your letter and photo receives mine in return! Come on, guys, looking forward to hearingfrom you! Al Dais, P.O. Box 3566,Santa Clara, CA 95055-3566 (D13-12/88)

NORTH CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: GWM, 63, 5'-10", 175#, salt & pepper hair--would like to meet GWM, 35-50, for friends, penpals and possible relationship. Enjoy outdoors, travel, entertainment. Trim and hairy are pluses. Can relocate for right person. Prefer West Coast. Sincere masculine men write w/photo to: Alan, P.O. Box 698, Gilroy, CA 95021. (R04-2/89)

SAN FRANCISCO: Quiet, affectionate GWM, 72, 5'-8", 160#, masculine, white hair, moustache. Would like to meet guys 40-60 for friendship and more. I am A/P French, 69. No kinky stuff or drugs. Like to watch Porno movies. Love to travel. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: YELLOWTHROAT (Y01-10/88)

VALLEJO GWM LIKES 'EM BIG, HUNG & HORNEY: 51 years old, 5'-10", 190# w/7 1/2" uncut. I'm a tennis player, honest, sincere, good sense of humor who likes BIG men with BIG equipment. I am bald with a little brown horseshoe haircut, hairy body. Prefer uncut, but if BIG with big balls, okay. No drunks, drugs, queens. Must be discreet and masculine. Enjoy video fuck movies and have video camera to make my own movies. Photo a must, phone number would be nice, but not necessary. Will swap photos, correspondence. Will answer all. Write: Sam, P.O. Box 895, Vallejo, CA 94590. (C19-10/88)

THE RED BARON of SWAN's video, CENTAUR SIX, wants to meet you. Let's compare our assets. All ages adored. If you didn't see my performance in CENTAUR SIX, I am 56, stocky, red headed and hot as a pistol. Photo and phone will be appreciated. Write to: WHIPPOORWILL (W21-6/89)

SENIOR CITIZEN HEAVEN: Hot, nude, black masseur, creates senior citizen's heaven for men over 6 feet, over 180#, over 40. Video, drink, mellow music, sensual, stimulating experience. Free for local men only. Write: L.R., P.O. Box 7441, Oakland, CA 94601 (R13-10/88)

SEX, OPERA, VIDEO: Latino, 46, 5'-10", 190#, 5 1/2" uncut, F/A, G/P, shy, discreet, cultured, silver fox, interested in hot correspondence, photos, tapes, friendship and ?. You are ageless, any race or endowment, but carry magic between your thighs. You're also smarter, heavier, bigger and have a take charge manner. My obsessions are gay sex and opera and collecting videos of both VHS & Beta. I can also play and duplicate within PAL and SECAM (VHS only). Write: PAPAGALLO. (G-10/88)

BAY AREA/SF/MARIN: 63, W/M, good looking, professional, nice, gentle, dentured and discreet. HIV negative, nice buns and legs on small frame, 5'-6", shaved equipment, seeks mutual daytime safe sex with clean discreet gently guys into Fr and Gr. Marrieds, fems and TV's welcomed. Will answer all. Size not important--being gentle is. No Dopers. Write: DICKCISSEL. (D-12/88)

SOUTH BAY TO FUNDY BAY: GWM, 53, semi-retired, grey/brown/balding, beard/moustache, 6', 210#, 6" out. Seeks friends, contacts, action. Am loving, gentlemanly, discreet, lonely. Big, hairy, uncut, loving men with big balls a turn on, but don't consider that a prerequisite. Welcome ALL RESPONSE. Photo nice, if available. Love long sessions--kiss, cuddle, etc.! Write: Dave Parker, 1324 S. Winchester #174, San Jose, CA 95128, (408) 374-4385. (P-4/89)

MONTEREY PENINSULA/NATIONWIDE: Big, tall, silver-headed GW Daddy seeks son/chaser. ME: 325#, 6'-2",

hairy, 49, salt/pepper hair, cropped beard, romantic, cuddler, enjoy arts, travelling, normal/safe sex. YOU: slim to hunky build, 25-40; what is in the heart and a good smile are important; non-drugs/smoker; photo with first letter or call (408) 758-2624 (no collects), T. Lane, 704 Ambrose Drive, Salinas, CA 93901. (T-8/89)

SAN FRANCISCO PENINSULA: GWM, 57, 170#, professional w/large country home. Seek companion for frequent overnight visits, travel, togetherness, safe sex fun. Blond, good body and hair, healthy, think positive, sexually versatile, comfortable with fulfilling most fantasies. Would like to develop lasting relationship and maybe future joint retirement plans (Northern California, Hawaii?) Write to: Don, P.O. Box 2323, Stanford, CA 94309. (M-10/88)

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: 35, masculine, white, 5'-9", brown hair (slightly grey on sides), blue eyes, stocky/broad shoulders, moderately hairy, clean shaven,amateur musician, love most outdoor activities, looking for masculine, fun-loving man over 45,overweight o.k., balding and greyhair a plus. Photo appreciated,all replies answered. Write: NUTCRACKER. (N05-12/88)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SANTA BARBARA AND VENTURA: W/M, 72 years old on July 4, 1988. Physically and sexually active, 5'-8", 160 #, A-P/Fr, P/Gr, very affectionate. Seeks contact with one guy or a coouple for fun and games. Write: Yankee Doodle, P.O. Box 123, Oak View, CA 03022 (H01-2/89)

I'VE GOT BALLS! 62 year old, hairy hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, well hung, clean shaven, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: K.S.S., P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769. (S02-10/88)

NORTH HOLLYWOOD: White male, mid forties, 6', 210#, thinning blondish blue eyes, hairy, husky build. Enjoy most safe and sane french action and tend toward bottom role. Enjoy insatiable types and lots of close body contact. Enjoy giving massage in relaxed environs. National contacts. Write: AVOCET (A05-12/88)

BURBANK WANTS PASSIVE: GWM, 55, 6', 200#, hairy and strong, seeks friendly, actual passive. Enjoy men over 40 up to ? All welcome but silver or grey hair and under 6 feet are pluses. Am aggressive but gentle. I want a light or casual affair--the closer the better. San Fernando Valley, Glendale preferred. All considered. Answer all. Write: L.O., P.O. Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510. (M05-12/88)

OCEANSIDE: Cum tan your hide in Oceanside with me near the beach. I'm a hot, HORNY, 63 year old GWM PIONEER SWANERO, 5'-7", stocky build. As a retired, straight-appearing, international administrator, I live discreetly. I am a non-smoker and avoid drugs, but am versatile in bed. Your photo gets mine. Write: QUAIL. (D02-10/88)

WEST HOLLYWOOD DAD: 49, 5'-9", 210#, engineer, wants a totally self-supporting son who doesn't use drugs or alcohol. Let's touch each other and sleep close. I'm a safe top, like mutual JO, movies, bicycling, and overnight trips. Call: George, (213) 851-0369. (B20-10/88)

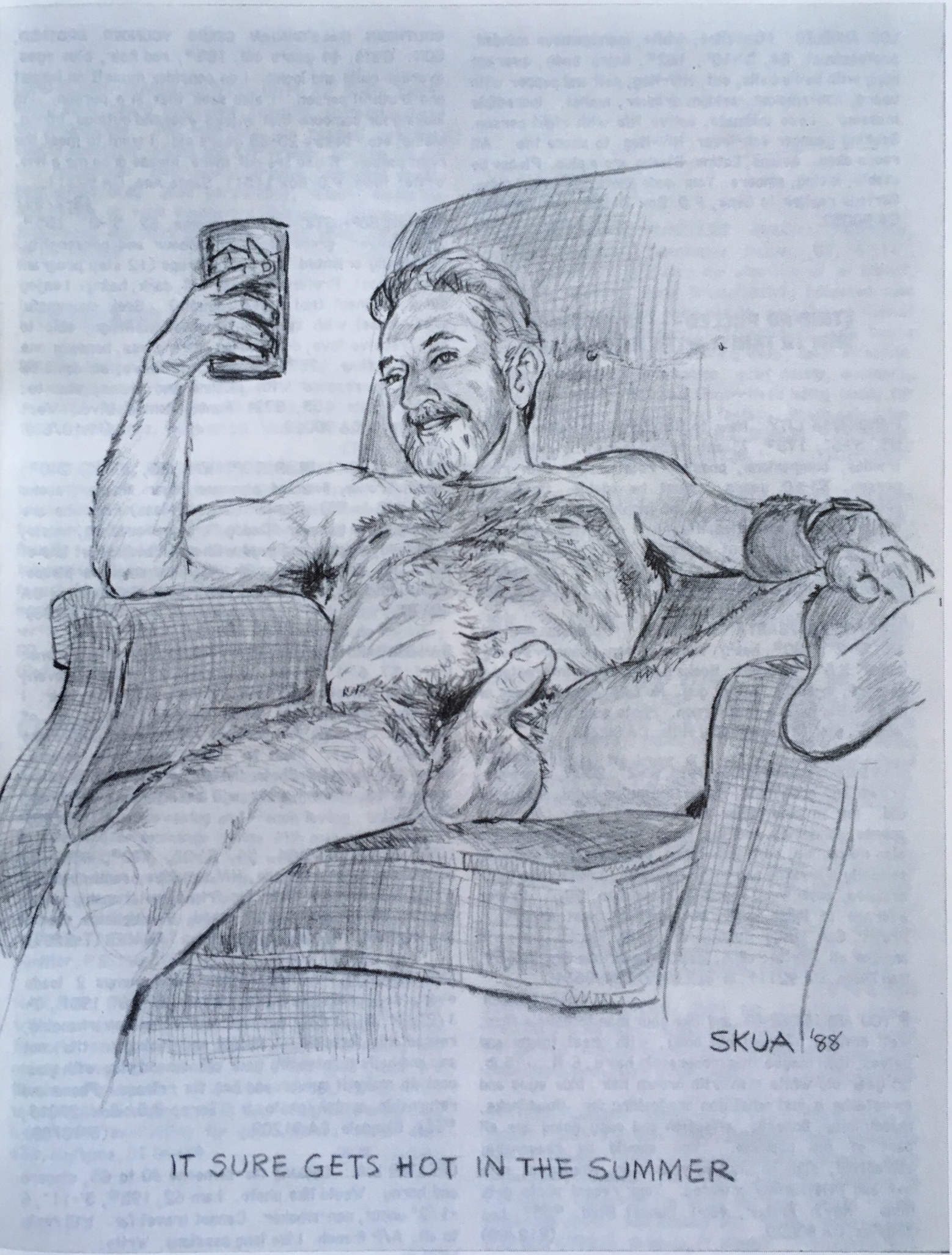
DAD: Late sixties, affectionate and sincere, horny and masculine too. Seeking sex and imaginative letters from hot guys any age nationwide. Photo appreciated. Uncut a plus. Write: Art, 1946, N. Kenmore, Los Angeles, CA 90027. (M03-10/88)

HEY! ARE YOU: A masculine, dominant top under 55 years of age? I'm GWM, 70, 5'-7", 210#, balding grey, blue eyes....And I need you. Be reliable, sincere, clean and fun. I am! Call: K.P. - LA area (213) 374-0206. (J03-10/88)

PALM SPRINGS AREA: GWM, 65, 5'-9", 200#, muscular, hairy, masculine, silver hair, very healthy. Enjoy literature, theatre, classical music and the outdoors. Have own business and home with spa and pool. Seek GWM retiree who is stable, intelligent and someone who can relocate. Serious replies only. Write: SEA EAGLE (S19-10/88)

SHERMAN OAKS: 6'-2", 225 lbs of muscle, weight lifter, 52" chest, 38" waist, 18" arms, big pecs and big hot nipples, medium hairy, 7" cut, big low hangers, hot, passionate, affectionate, demonstrative, deep throat (safe sex) and more, plus 66 years old, moustache and damned attractive. Looking for friends, companion and lover--one to one. Write: L.G.M., P.O. Box 5781, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413. Photo and phone number please. Go for me! (M07-12/88)

YOUNG MAN WANTED IN PALM SPRINGS: GWM, 56, professional, distinguished, 5'-8", 170, seeks 21-30 Caucasian, Hispanic or Asian gay male who enjoys older men. Me: Gentle, caring, easy-going, but success-oriented. You: compatible personality, with slim to moderate build. I seek someone to share bed, apartment and life, who is willing to work to contribute to own support, or vigorously pursue college or technical training. I do not desire to be a "sugar daddy" to anyone. Will help personable, friendly guy who lives in, or would like to live in, desert area--Palm Springs or environs. Enjoy tennis, swimming, long drives a plus. Prefer no drugs, smoke or alcohol, but some moderate use okay. Write: BACHMAN'S SPARROW. (B22-10/88)



IT SURE GETS HOT IN THE SUMMER

LOS ANGELES: Masculine, white, monogamous minded, professional, 64, 5'-10", 162#, hairy body, average hung with bull's balls, out, HIV-Neg, salt and pepper with beard, non-smoker, seldom drinker, nudist. Incredible masseur. Love intimate, active life with right person. Seeking younger son-lover, HIV-Neg, to share life. All races okay. Asians, Latins, Blacks are a plus. Please be stable, loving, sincere. Your nude photo, phone get mine. Serious replies to Gene, P.O. Box 74150, Los Angeles, CA 90052. (W19-2/89)

[THIS AD PULLED---SUBSCRIBER NOW IN TAHITI WITH NEW LOVER]

PANORAMA CITY: New to San Fernando Valley, GWM, 55, 5'-6", 175#, 7" cut, brown/brown. Looking for friends, companions, possible relationship with right person, 35-60 years. Must be stable, financially secure, clean and honest. I am highly sexual and enjoy most types of activities if safe. I am affectionate and am into long, frequent sessions. All responses with photos will be answered. Write: Kent, P.O. Box 44446, Panorama City, CA 91412-0446. (K13-10/88)

LOS ANGELES/SANTA BARBARA: Professional GWM, 63, 6'-2", 180#, hairy, brown/green,swimmers body, cut 9" X 6". Discreet. Seeks younger men interested in mature, in-shape, active guy. No fats, smoke, drugs or drink. Big balls a real turnon. Photo exchange. Write: ARJEE, Box 1772, Beverly Hills, CA 90213. (G20-1/89)

SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 6'-2", 200#, blue eyes, brown and grey hair, husky/muscular build, 40 years old. I'm an avid sailor and outdoors type. Like most sports, gardening, cooking, films, travel, dining out. I'm also masculine, self-actualizing, educated, professional, sexually versatile and very romantic. Looking for self-assured, assertive, romantic older man, 50-?. Prefer average to large build, but attitude most important. Prefer San Diego County or South Florida but will answer all. Write: JPA, 2750 Wheatstone St., Box 59, San Diego, CA 92111, or call (619) 584-6634. (A15-10/88)

IF YOU ARE UNDER 40: and like your man to have a firm, well defined, worked out body, with great thighs and calves, then maybe this moderately hairy, 6 ft., 175 lb, 55 year old white man with brown hair, blue eyes and moustache is just what you are looking for. Good looks, masculinity, honesty, affection and easy going are all part of the package. You should be reasonably attractive, slim to slightly muscular, employed, safe sex and relationship oriented. Your recent photo gets mine. Kevin Arthur, 4391 Sunset Blvd. #557, Los Angeles, CA 90029. (R12/88)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN SEEKS YOUNGER BROTHER/SON: GWM, 44 years old, 185#, red hair, blue eyes, average build and looks. I do consider myself an honest and truthful person. I also seek that in a person. I'm looking for someone that enjoys weekend outings, biking, hiking, etc. Desire 25-35 years old. I want to meet the right person. If you are out there, please drop me a line. Write: Mike, P.O. Box 11511, Santa Ana, CA 92711. (S-2/89)

BRITISH SOPHISTICATE: Handsome, 62, 5'-8", 155# green/silver, great sense of humour and personality. Spiritually oriented. No booze/drugs (12 step program first choice). Prefer 25 to 48, tall, dark, hairy. I enjoy being dominant (not a prerequisite). Seek successful professional with intelligent/mental challenge, able to give/receive love, compassion, awareness, honesty one day at a time. 75% considered of above, so don't be scared to respond with picture and phone, etc. to K.L.M., Suite 155, 8721 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, CA 90069. (M-10/88)

YOUNG STOCKY BEAR TOP: WM, 30, 5'-7", 240# brown/brown, bearded pipe and cigar smoker, seeks older (40 to 55), shorter (5-6" or less) men who are looking for a younger "Daddy." I love cuddling, music, good food, penpals and guys with small bodies yet lots of hair. No alcohol, drugs or cigarette smokers please. Write: Michael, P.O. Box 2722, Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670. (P10/88)

SAN BERNARDINO CITY AREA VIRGIN: New to gay scene: GWM, 57, 6'-1", 215#, brown/brown. Clean shaven, soft skin, smooth solid build and very little body hair. I am shy, would enjoy being seduced with a lot of foreplay. Looking for possible relationship with right person, 40 to?. Must be stable, financially secure, clean and honest. Photo and phone number would be appreciated. Other areas will be considered. Write: DOTTEREL (D-10/88)

LONG BEACH: GWM, 54, 5'-9", 172#, 7" cut, masculine, hairy, sincere, HIV negative, semi-retired, would like to meet GWM for friend, relationship, sex. Seeking 25-70, any race or creed. Swap photos. Let's get together. All answered. Write: TANAGER (T-2/89)

ENTHUSIASTIC MASTURBATOR: hand pumps 2 loads every day, seeks partners. Silver, 57, 6', 190#, 7-1/2" X 5 -1/2" capped with long overhanging, retractable foreskin. Will lick and suck your tits, nut sac and balls to intensify your climax and play with your cock to make it quiver and beg for release. Phone and returnable crotch photo to: Sers, P.O. Box 29019, #331, Glendale, CA 91209. (S-10/88)

GREATER L.A.: Looking for someone 30 to 65, sincere and horny. Would like photo. I am 62, 195#, 5'-11", 6-1/2" uncut, non-smoker. Cannot travel far. Will reply to all. A/P french. Like long sessions. Write: MERLIN (M-10/88)

LONG BEACH/ORANGE COUNTY: GWM, 37, 5'-9", 185*, husky build, beard, masculine, friendly, professional and adventuresome. My interests are reading, walking, sports spectator, biking and A/P French. Looking for 45-65, nonsmoker, mild social drinker, dentures great, beerbellies okay, good personality, honest, masculine and reside or visit Southern California. Prefer those less heavy and more masculine. Your photo gets mine. Write: MURRE (M-12/88)

COLORADO

BRUSH: Military Retired, white male, 58, 5'-8", 160*, brown eyes, salt/pepper hair, 6 1/2" cut, horny, clean and safe. Welcome letters from 50 to 80 years young for fun and games. Answer all. Write: BEETDIGGER (T06-10/88)

AFFECTIONATE, INTELLIGENT AND LOYAL: 55 year old masculine male available as companion lover. Not into below the belt mentality. Well read, arts oriented, non bar goer and smoker, wishes for permanent relationship. Equally comfortable in boots and levis as blazer. Interested in someone who likes a guy not afraid of household chores, yard and car work, who loves flea markets, PBS, and inward beauty. Photo appreciated, write fully to "RB," P.O. Box 2373, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. Answer all, handicapped welcome. (B-12/88)

CONNECTICUT

E. HARTFORD: Horny, masculine, retired, 55, 5'-10", 178*, brown hair, hazel eyes, uncut 7+ inches. Enjoy slow, sensuous caressing and French loving. Would like to meet and/or exchange photos with masculine mature men, 55-80. My fantasy man would look a little like Archie Bunker or the father on Happy Days. Prefer non smoker, casual drinker with very little body hair. Plusses would be into golfing, bowling, nude bathing and dentures. Please write and exchange photos to: Auditor, P.O. Box 18601, East Hartford, CT 06118. (L09-10/88)

HADLYME: GWM, 5'-8", 170*, 62 years young. Grey with moustache and goatee. In good shape. Seek lifemate, no age or race limitations. Love nudity and nature, have log home and boat. Into good music and theater. Pipesmoker, no alcohol or drugs. No objection to moderate indulgence. Will take early retirement and have 100% availability for you. Write: P.L.S., Box 438, Hadlyme, CT 06439. (S25-10/88)

FLORIDA

SEEK DOMINANT MASCULINE BUDDY: Masculine, creative, mature, submissive Italian, 55, 5'-11", 178*, needs and will earn the attention of an ardent, unselfish, mature, very Greek/active, educated man (black/white). Prefer very stable, very loving man of discipline (career military/law/engineer), who has a great appetite for administering deep, deep affection. Share intelligent conversation, quiet music, outdoors, TLC, each other. No good alone--Need hairy buddy for long relationship. Reality, not fantasy. Photo gets mine. Write: Chuck Travaglio, 600 N.E. 25th St. *75, Miami, FL 33137 or call (305) 576-5728. (T02-2/89)

YOUNG MAN SEEKS OLDER GENT: Mature, straight acting, masculine GWM, 30, 6'0" and 165*, seeks safe, discreet gentleman, 40-65. Prefer hairy and muscular or stocky type. I am fairly hairy and hung large. I would like an older buddy with whom I can share caring, honesty and trust, as well as fun and great sex. Photo gets mine. Write: D.J., P.O. Box 05-0852, Ft. Myers, FL 33905. (J01-2/89)

CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 66, 6'-1", 145* and 63, 5'-7", 135*. Singles or couples 35+ for friendship and/or sex on a one to one basis welcome to our home located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32659. Phone: (904) 753-2857. (B09-4/89)

CENTRAL FLORIDA: Masculine, GWM, 58, 6',150*, grey/bind, clean shaven. Do not drink or use drugs of any kind. Extremely oral. Worship cock, balls and ass. Compatible 3 ways OK. Professional. Discrete. Clean and healthy. Come visit for fun and great sex. Race and cock size unimportant. Write: M. Wood, 2681 E. Washington *10, Eustis, FL 32726. (904) 589-6975. (W18-4/89)

FLORIDA - NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60, 6', 190*, hairy, well hung-thick uncut, masculine, hot and horny, seeks hot penpals, nationwide, all ages for correspondence and nude photo exchange. Write: AUKLET (A15-10/88)

CENTRAL FLORIDA: GWM, 43, 5'-10", 255*. Love to cuddle, touch and love older chubbies--the bigger the better. Haven't tried everything but am willing to learn with right teacher. Are you going to vacation in Florida? I promise I'm more fun than Mickey Mouse. Photo for photo. Will answer all. Write: Rick Hughes, P.O. Box 677223, Orlando, FL 32867. (H28-10/88)

FEATHERBED FANTASY

FT. LAUDERDALE DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 58, bald, 5'-9", 165*, looking for son in need of love and affection. Must be non smoker and drug free, enjoy arts, crafts, junk shops, theatre, weekend trips. Will share my one bedroom home with right person. Write about yourself with photo and phone. Looks not important but honesty and sincerely is. GMC, P.O. Box 4596, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338. (C-12/88)

DUO IN NORTHCENTRAL FLORIDA: Single, 69, and his married friend, 65, welcome Northcentral Florida visitors. Versatile. For information, write:ALBATROSS (A-10/88)

MIAMI GENTLEMAN: 70, youthful, very potent, 5'-7", slender, likes boating, travel. Seeks for eventual permanent relationship, young man, 25 to 40, slender, masculine, sincere, cultivated, ready to relocate for a lovely compatible togetherness. Write to: J.G., P.O. Box 610191, North Miami, FL 33162. (G-10/88)

SOUTHERN FLORIDA COUPLE: One 55, 250*. Other, 87, 190*, seeking pen-pals in our area. Would like to make friends only at this time. We are a quiet couple but do enjoy persons with a sense of humor. We enjoy TV, movies and our home. Love to go to parties, but have been out of circulation for a long time, so don't know how to meet persons that would enjoy our company. Write: SEAGULL. (H-10/88)

FLORIDA--55, HANDICAPPED: I would like friendship and pen-pals, age 55 and older. I have light body hair and small endowment. Have had prostate operation. Now, dry ejaculations and some incontinence. Write: ROSEFINCH. (R-12/88)

STILL SEARCHING: for SERGEANT SAVAGE. Should be at least 225* and very hairy. To me, age is a state of mind. I'm 39, 5'-11", 185*, redhead. Looking for safe-sex only. Write with photo to D.M., P.O. Box 76102, St. Petersburg, FL 33734. Also looking for any 1986 issues of SWAN. Write: MIMUS (M-8/89)

GEORGIA

ATLANTA: GWM, 45, 6'-2", 210*, smoker and moderate drinker would like to meet 50+, very hairy, husky, 200*+, muscular man for friendship and possible living and traveling together. Lost lover of 15 years last year. Have still a lot of love to give and to receive. I am financially independent and secure. Enjoy very much the home life and another's company instead of running to bars. Really not interested in fems or drugs, nor one night stands, but a stable mature person. Letter with photo would be appreciated. Write: OSPREY. (P02-10/88)

ATLANTA: GWM, 44, 5'-11", 170*, non smoker, quiet, loving, love to travel, snow ski, dining out. Could relocate (especially California). Seeking 50+, heavy set, straight acting person fortraveling companion or permanent relationship. Appreciate photo with letter. Write: MURRELET. (M25-4/89)

58 YEAR OLD GWM: 5'-10", salt and pepper hair, beard, hairy, looking for heavy hung toop, 28-45, in good shape. Reply with photo to Jim Robert, 6050 Peachtree Parkway, Suite 350-163, Norcross, GA 30092, Telephone No. (404) 446-0305. (R-10/88)

CHUBBY CHASERS--"HERE I AM": 55, 5'-10", 350*. Do you love denture free active French? I may not be perfect the first time, but I will be the 2nd and 3rd time. Like short, stocky, hairy over 45. Live near I-75 & I-575 in N. GA., so stop by for some good Southern Hospitality and much TLC. Nothing kinky, young or skinny, please. Friend, not lover. Answer all. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: Big Bear, Rt. 3, Box 210, Ball Ground, GA 30107. (S-10/88)

ATLANTA/SOUTHEAST: WM, 6'-3", 225*, healthy, young thinking/acting, quiet, discrete, well traveled. I enjoy good food and wine, arts, music, strolls thru quiet woods or sitting beside streams listening to nature. Am not bar oriented and prefer good times at home or in the countryside. Need someone 25+ to keep me young and to enjoy those things I enjoy. All letters answered, those with photos first. Write: NIGHTHAWK (N-12/88)

SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 58, turning 59, 5'-7", 220*, grey, chubby, hairy, sincere and loveable, would like to meet affectionate men under 30 years old, good build, all races. I travel extensively. Send photo. Write: F.P.S., 315 N. Tibbs Road, Dalton, GA 30720. (S-8/89)

HAWAII

HEY, BIG DADDY: GWM, 40, 5'-8", 120*, 6" cut, young looking, HIV negative, safe, sober, kittenish homebody. Need affection, not perfection. Old, fat, small cock, hangups all okay. Let's share simple, relaxed times and ease each other's loneliness. Write: Ira Orloff, 441 Walina St., *306, Honolulu, HI 96815. Tel: (808) 922-9492 (001-10/88)

ILLINOIS

TO CHICAGO AREA OLDER MEN: I am 63 and of Italian extraction. Would like to develop intimate relationship with a really older man, late 60's, 70's, 80's or even early 90's. Old age is a turn-on for me. I would love to massage you all over and make you feel good in return for your affection. Send photo and I'll send mine. Write or call: VictorJ. Engandela, 8465 W. Lawrence Ave., Apt. 3A, Chicago, IL 60656. (312) 589-2882.

(E02-12/88)

CENTRAL ILLINOIS: Chubby Chaser, GWM, healthy, well built, moderate body hair, 64, 5'-9", 180*, free to travel, collect VCR movies. Desire mature, heavy-set for correspondence and meeting. Will exchange pictures and return them if desired. Write: NUTHATCH. (N04-10/88)

CHICAGO AREA: GWM Engineer, 60, 6'-1 1/2", 200* wants any age, 220* plus, strong, heavyset playmate bottom to horseplay, carry me piggyback, mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, cuddle, safe sex, etc. with me. Write: John Lange, P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. (L03-4/89)

SON/YOUNGER BROTHER, 21-40: wanted to relocate for loving relationship with trim, outdoor orientated teacher, 49. 30" waist, 40" chest, 150*, graying, 5'-9". Versatile, many interests: Nautilus, hiking, canoeing, camping, 4 X 4, motorcycling, ping pong, reading, good films, dogs and more! Into rural life--5 acres on Wis/Ill line, 43 wooded acres in Tennessee. No smoke, drugs, alcohol, please. Write Bill, P.O. Box 103, Grayslake, IL 60030 or call (414) 862-2221. No collect calls accepted. (B-12/88)

BIG BELLIED MEN: White male, 46, 5'-8", 140*, 6" cut, blue eyes, musoular, would like to hear from men over 250*. I particularly like big bellies! Drop me a line and let's see what we have in common. If you send a photo, I will reciprocate. Write: J.N.O., 2238 N. Lakewood, IL 60614. (O-2/89)

GIRTH AND MIRTH CLUB OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

a club for chubby gay men and their admirers. For more information, call Ken or Cedric at (703) 461-9184 or write to us at P.O. Box 4814, Falls Church, VA 22044

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KENTUCKY

CALLING ALL COCKSUCKERS--YOUNG AND OLD: GWM, 70, 5'-11", 160*, 6" cut, looking for kindred spirits (and bodies). I like cock, kissing, cuddling, affection in and out of bed. Can travel to meet you. Write: Jim Wilson, P.O. Box 1767, Lexington, KY 40501. (W13-4/89)

LOUISIANA

BATON ROUGE: GWM, sixtyish, 5'-9", 190*, semi-retired architect. Widower. Active physically and sexually. Versatile. Interested in all the arts, travel, good food and wine, spectator sports, gay VCR tapes, interested in pen-pals any age or location and possible meetings. Not looking for permanent relationship. Write: Smith, 7640 LaSalle *201, Baton Rouge, LA 70806. Phone: (504) 923-1432 (S15-10/88)

N'AWLINS Bi WM: 58, 6', 151*, brown/brown, 7 3/4" cut, pipe smoker, social to non-drinker, biker, leathermaster, seeks penpals, fone and group j/o, photo swap, video (have camera), visitor accommodation exchange. Write: Bernie Davis, Box 1114, Mandeville, LA 70470-1114, (504) 626-7352 (D-12/88)

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE: 64 year old, retired artist, 5'-6", 160*, mostly gray hair and beard. Hairy body, horny bisexual. Love passive French, also I'll reciprocate with J/O and mouth/tit work. Looking for more friends in area, not just sex. Affectionate. Interests: Art, music, pets, gardening, astrology. Write: SKUA (S27-4/89)

YOUNG MAN SEEKS OLDER MAN: Mature, straight acting, GBM, 25, 6'-4", 165*, cut, affectionate, quiet and attractive. Looking for older top man who enjoys movies, theatre, quiet times, cuddling and sex. Please be sincere. I am. Write: DOWITCHER (D-12/88)

LOOKING FOR CUDDLY, LOVING CHUB/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 43, 175*, 5'-8", dark brown hair/hazel eyes, caring, affectionate professional living alone on Chesapeake Bay. Am seeking to meet GWM chubbies, 45-75, for friendship and possible relationship. Hairy, big tits, big buns, big belly and good personality are all a plus. Can travel and/or entertain. Exchange photos and phone. Write: GHOSTJUMPER (S10/88)

MASSACHUSETTS

MASS/USA: GWM, 62, 5'-7" 145*, blue eyes,

SMILE, BIG BOY.....YOU'RE IN SWAN!

gray/brown hair, good buns, healthy, masculine,affectionate, ex-Navy. Travel widely on job, like reading, music, swimming, sunbathing (nude) and travel. Seek similar men (40+), any race, who enjoy massage, body contact with J/O and French. Let's correspond, exchange nude photos. Possibly meet for companionship, fun, nudity and male sex. Write: SWAN READER, DELTA/157, 310 Franklin St., Boston, MA 02110. (F01-12/88)

PROVINCETOWN: Anybody out there who would like to exchange nude photos and correspondence, for safe fun, with a GWM, who is 40 years old, 5'-8", 150*, 7" cut, brown eyes, average good looks and balding? I'm turned on to mature men, both in mind and body. Age, weight, looks unimportant. Your nude photo gets mine. I'm honest and discreet. Please reply with photo to: Vince, P.O. Box 1382, Provincetown, MA 02657. (Q01-4/89)

ROBIN NEEDS SEED: 56, W, 5'-8", 195*, blue/brown (greying), stocky, thick cut 6", athletic, love bicycle trips, stopping to make love with all ages, sexes, singles, groups. Very sweet, active, exhibitionistic, photogenic. Can be dominant with women. With men, am soft, feminine, submissive and receptive all ways and openings. Eager to insatiable when taken often or by many at once. Can travel. Write: Robin Peterson, 89 Massachusetts Ave., Box 167, Boston, MA 02115. (P14-10/88)

MASS/NATIONWIDE: Dad, 62, GWM, looking for son, 18 to 50. I am warm, caring, aggressive, affectionate, college graduate, masculine, 5'-8", 168*, hairy, clean shaven. Enjoy travel, music, gardening. No drugs or boozers. Can travel. Write with photo to: A.G., P.O. Box 6196, Holyoke, MA 01041. (G-10/88)

VINEYARD GRANDDAD SEEKS SON: 67, 5'-11", 232*, white beard (close cropped) and hair (thin on top), non-smoker, casual drinker, HIV negative (and will stay that way). Retired to lovely Martha's Vineyard, living with friends, but I miss a sweet, slender young man to relate to. Love theatre, movies, TV, music (American music theatre and jazz singing--not rock or C & W), and a quiet, meaningful life-style. Photo appreciated. Write: Bailey, P.O. Box 45, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568. (B-10/88)

NEW ENGLAND TO SOUTH FLORIDA: GWM, 47, 6', 200*, winters in Florida. Looking for straight appearing sexy men 55 up for good times. Pluses are SWAN model and cartoon types. I'm A/P FR and GR, straight acting, cuddly, good looks, aggressive. So seniors, write frankly and tell me what you like. Photo a must. Telephone *, if possible. I can travel and have photos. Write: THRASHER (T-12/88)

MICHIGAN

MICHIGAN: GWM, 58, 5'-10", 220*, honest, sincere, sense of humor, versatile, like travel, easy listening music, theater, quiet evenings, not into bar scene. Write: H.T.F., 817 Frost St., Flint, MI 48507 (F06-10/88)

MICHIGAN/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 40, 5'-8", 160*, brown hair, brown eyes, 6-1/2" cut and smooth-bodied. Would like to meet men 40 and over in my area, or correspond, meet and nude photo exchange with gay men everywhere. Facial hair a plus. My sexual interests include A/P French, 69, J/O, Porno, photo sessions and nudism. Other interests include hiking, swimming, theatre, movies, good food and friends. All letters answered. Write: WAGTAIL (W-2/89)

MINNESOTA

SAINT PAUL: Closets are for clothes! This 58 year old is not about to hide in a closet. Would like someone to share theater, films and candlelight dinners. Maybe travel. Who knows what else? Write: HIRUNDO (H27-12/88)

MISSOURI

MISSOURI: Oriental male, 33, 5'-10", 142*, professional, masculine, sensuous and clean. Seeks older 40-75, who is sincere, affectionate and good natured. Write: Linn., P.O. Box 8075, St. Louis, MO 63156. (L15-12/88)

MISSOURI/NATIONWIDE: W/M, 31, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'-11", 230*, seeks older man (55 and over) for friend/companion or possible relationship. Prefer balding, overweight (George Schultz type) fellow who is down to earth and kind. No drugs or kinky stuff! Photo appreciated. Send to MAC, P.O.Box 19871, St. Louis, MO 63144 (M34-10/88)

AN UNFORGETTABLE MASSAGE BY A SENIOR MASTER

Located near Interstate 10 and Western in Los Angeles, this very talented 63 year old can make a new man of you in no time. Certified, safe, sensuous.....Gene, (213) 388-7240

NEW JERSEY

NEW JERSEY: GWM, 60, 5'-8", 195*, brown hair (gray at temples). I am looking for young man who is interested in older, mature men. I am educated, friendly, loyal, sincere and generous. Good sense of humor. I am French A/P, masculine, and affectionate. Write: R.M., P.O. Box 200, Closter, NJ 07624. (M28-12/88)

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM SEEKS GR/A TOP: Intelligent, masculine, Bi WM, 5'-11", 165*, 59, HIV neg., thick 6" cut, firm, lithe, gym-toned responsive body and buns, tactile and demonstrative, erect posture, steady gaze, high cheekbones, bald top/cropped salt and pepper fringe. Dig submission and control. Enjoy companionship, music, philosophy, art, science and psychology. Volunteer with disabled, am loyal friend. Any race, age, over 6" or thick. Call Ken: (201) 592-6690; if recording, leave number. (G12-12/88)

GWM, 6'-1", 174*, AGE 71: grey/brown, clean shaven, average build, independent, shy, responsible, level headed, affectionate, non-smoker, light drinker, likes quiet evenings at home and good music. Looking for non-exclusive lover, sex buddy, penpal, friend into cuddling, kissing and mutual JO. Slow to come but love the feel of someone else's hand on my cock. Write: Dick Bell, 2241 Mt. Hood Lane, Toms River, NJ 08753. (B-10/88)

ORIENTAL SEEKS SENIOR(S): 32, professional, 5'-6", 160*. Am attracted to mature, older men, 50 and up. Healthy, sincere, affectionate and very discreet. Looking for the right person to please. Safe sex preferred. Let's exchange photos and get to know each other. Write: D.L., P.O. Box 298, Mays Landing, NJ 08330. (L-6/89)

NEW MEXICO

COUNTRY LIVING FOR SPECIAL PERSON: Mixed couple looking for special person--as third in our household. Seeking 55 to ?, Gr/P, Fr A/P. Looks unimportant--personality is. Nude photo in first letter gets fast reply. Write: KILLDEER. (K-10/88)

SMALL GUYS NEED SEX TOO: GWM, 62, 5'-8", 145*. Live in a very redneck, straight, closeted town. My likes: Gay videos, all porn, phone or letter J/O. Need friends 50+, oral sex, photo, jook and J/O ideas exchanged with men my size. Write soon, to: EL PAISANO. (M-4/89)

NEW YORK

SON SEEKS DAD: GWM, 35, dark brown hair, 150*, seeks over 50 masculine type. Live in the NYC area and looking for a good relationship. I am passive and enjoy serving my dad. I'm sincere, discreet, caring and eager to please. Able to travel. Send photo if possible. Write: A.R.C., P.O. Box 7630, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150 (A07-12/88)

SENIOR J/O: Senior white male likes masturbation with men over 55. Play with my hard on while I jerk yours. Can exchange explicit correspondence, tapes, photos, videos. Write: MOCKINGBIRD (M13-12/88)

40 Y/O BOTTOM SEEKS TOP: GWM, Italian, hairy, moustache, masculine, 185*-solid, balding, 5'-11", stable, sane, not into bars, looking to please the right man (to 60) with lots of affection and hot (safe) sex. You: masculine, strong, hairy, moustache a plus (no beards). Live in Manhattan, travel U.S. and International. Correspondence, meetings--anything is possible. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: DOVEKIE (D11-12/88)

BOSS RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH: Stats: Healthy, hunky man, 48, 5'-7", 163*, well-built, rugged good looks, selfish yet caring, bright, warm, imaginative, sensuous, tactile, bearded, balding, big-dicked, tattoed, successful professional. Wears leather, Levis, boots as well as suits, ties & jocks. Have diverse interests and am a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/buddy, over 40,together mentally and physically to horse around with for a night or lifetime. Write with your phone numbler to: Bob Seifer, 260 West 22 St., New York, NY 10011. (S21-12/88)

BIG GUY: 6'-3", 285*, 42, SWAN model. I am a masculine ex-navy man, beer drinker, cigar smoker with varied interests. I am bearded with a firm, furry beer gut. Looking for F/A companion, 50+. Would like to hear from all areas. See my photo in the June 88 issue. Write: MIKE (Codeword) (D14-12/88)

CHUBBIES WANTED: GWM, 63, 5'-7", 175, grey/brown, seeks chubby, fat men to 50 (bigger is better). Prefer smooth bodies and under 5'-10", into mutual J/O and lots of cuddling. Not seeking

relationship--friends and fun only. Your photo/phone gets mine. All answered. Write: Ernest Harff, 47 Lorraine Tr., Mt. Vernon, NY 10553 (H26-12/88)

50 YEAR OLD MODEL: Hot Latin, 6', 165#, black hair, brown eyes, clean-cut, French A/P, Greek P, dentured, not kinky. Seeks generous 55-75 Dad as a companion/lover. Interests: going to the beach, theatre, restaurants, giving full body massage. Can travel on weekends. Photo/phone a must and gets mine. Write: PUFFIN (P15-10/88)

MANHATTAN SWAN MODEL: Attractive man, mid fifties, 5'-8", good build, seeks friends. Write: John Preston, 125 E. 72nd St., New York, NY 10021. Tel. (212) 744-7644. (P16-12/88)

NEW YORK: 49 year old GWM, 5'-10" of portly build and single, educated professional seeks older affectionate men. Chest hair a plus but not essential. Honesty, sincerity and discretion important. Interested in music, theater, fine arts, foreplay. Not into Greek, fems, kinks, drugs or bar scene.
Send photo if possible. All replies answered. Some travel possible. Write: HONEYCREEPER (H30-10/88)

YOUTHFUL, EARLY 60'S: 5'-7", 200#, very hairy, husky, masculine, straight looking/acting, attractive, sincere, honest. Would like to meet 40+ white, possible living together for one on one relationship. No drugs, fems. Only good, safe sex. Letters with photo appreciated. Write: M.N., P.O. Box 59, Webster, NY 14580 (M-10/88)

55 YEAR OLD, 6'-6" HEAVYSET MALE: professional into JO and videos, gets off on mutual scenes. 8". Looking for cuts and uncuts. The main thing is to get off and enjoy it together. Write: BOBWHITE. (B-8/89)

SHARE A GWM PAIR: Mature 50 and young 70, seeking singles or couple, any race or color for one-to-one or combination safe-sex. Senior is 6', 187#, silver fox, 6" cut. Junior is 5'-11", 185#, salt & pepper close-cropped beard, thick uncut 8". Both attractive professionals in good shape. We like hunky, hairy, thickly endowed mature and loving men who enjoy versatile, sensual fun and sex in a relaxed atmosphere. Photo/phone and detailed letter gets ours in exchange. Write: J.R., P.O. Box 6503, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150. (L-10/88)

WHERE'S THE PORK? GWM, 50, 5'-9", 235#, masculine, Italian, hairy, versatile, would like to meet beefy guys any age or size. Also want to exchange chubby videos. Photo/phone. Write: Nick Dean, Box 581, Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156. (D-4/89)

GOOD MAN WANTED: Retired, 62, white, 5'-8", 150#, prefer mutual oral sex with mature or older men. Visits, correspondence. Hopefully, lasting friendship, companionship, more. Write: M.A.C., 254 Hooper St., Brooklyn, NY 11211. (A-12/88)

NORTH CAROLINA

RETIRED ARMY MAN SEEKS TOP MAN: GWM, 59, 5'-8 1/2", 145# lonely, gentle guy looking for love, companionship, good times. I like to fish, hunt, go on long walks and enjoy quiet evenings. I'm a non smoker, mild drinker, good at oral sex and great bottom man. All letters answered. Prefer 40 and over age group. I'm full time employee at Ft. Bragg, N.C. Write: Andy, P.O. Box 124, Spring Lake, NC 28390 (A13-10/88)

LOVING 60 YEAR OLD NEEDS Y'ALL IN N.C.: Married but very gay, 6 feet, 225#, grey hair, blue eyes, cut medium average, French A/P, very tender and failthful. Anyone over 21 welcome to write--soon. Write: Tom Williams, P.O. Box 2845, Fayetteville, NC 28302. (W-10/88)

WHOLESOME AND HUNKY: White male, 36, 165#, 6'-0", blue eyes, blond hair, masculine, muscular, smooth, slender, well-bred, educated, athletic and exceptional in looks and character with well developed swimmers build SEEKS wealthy, affluent mentor for casual friendship or stable relationship--someone who will assist me in reaching my goals. For photo and phone, write: TBE, P.O. Box 5825, Winston-Salem, NC 27113. I am willing to travel anywhere, NATIONWIDE! (B-10/88)

RAYNOR'S MOTOR LODGE

A modern motel in the heart of the White Mountain Recreation Area for discreet gays who like mixed company. We are located along the Gale River in the picturesque village of Franconia, NH. Ski Cannon Mountain with Pete or simply enjoy our mountain views. Restaurant and lounge adjacent. Call 1-800-634-8187

ERNIE
photo by simon barr

OHIO

AKRON/CANTON AREA: GWM, 5'-10", 210#, 56, rugged, muscular, uncut thick, partially bald with grey/brown fringe, moderately hairy, man's man and SWAN model. Don't smoke or drink. Looking for an honest, caring, clean, trustworthy, big hearted, mature, father type, who is looking for an ultimate relationship. Write: BLUEBIRD (P13-12/88)

NATIONWIDE OR EUROPE: Companion-helper wanted by GWM couple, mid-sixties. We need a mature man, 30 to 55 to do minor maintenance in lovely, large home and care for small, formal garden. We provide private suite, expenses, small salary, happy life, friendship, love. Reply personal details and photo in first letter. Dave, P.O. Box 292255, Kettering, OH 45429-0255. (D16-10/88)

COLUMBUS TOP MAN: Retired, youthful, masculine GWM, 59, 5'-7", 145#, non-smoking, light drinker, salt & pepper hair, balding on top, profusely hairy elsewhere. Dentured, 7+, uncut, thick, French A/P, 69, Gr/A, HIV Neg, clean, safe, warm, caring, honest, sincere and expects same. Interest include travel, photography, videos, computers, cinema, bicycling. Seeking a mature,masculine, self-sufficient, down to earth friend, pen pal or travel companion 25-40, who enjoys TLC, affection, cuddling, making love, good sex, good times and companionship beyond the bedroom. Plusses are muscular, small to medium build. No pain, drugs, drunks or kinky stuff tolerated. Able to travel and entertain discreet visitors. Photo appreciated, will reciprocate. Write: BRANT (B27-10/88)

OREGON

OREGON/WASHINGTON/WEST COAST: GWM, non smoker, 56, 5'-8", 155#, lite brown hair, blue eyes, good bod, 6" medium thick/out. Has non-sexual relationship with lover. Would like to meet man in similar situation, non-promiscuous type, for ongoing safe-sex buddy/friendship. I'm Greek active, primarily, but versatile. Will exchange nude pictures. Love the outdoors, skiing, swimming, hiking. Write SWAN READER, P.O. Box 387, Clackamas, OR 97015 (Portland Area) (W09-4/89)

PENNSYLVANIA

PA/NATIONWIDE: I want to be dominated by an older male, up to age 85. Want someone virile, robust and intelligent--beer belly and hung big or thick is a plus. I am 43, 5'-10", black hair, Italian descent, ultra slender, delicate physique, youthful appearance and outlook, 6 1/2" uncut. My interests include art, music, literature, writing, history, the occult and finding a lasting friendship with a virile older mentor. My personality is on the shy, sensitive, bookish side. Write: Carl, P.O. Box 5, Saint Clair, PA 17970. (A14-4/89)

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA: GWM, 65, retired teacher/translator, 5'-8", 160#, 5" uncut, almost hairless body. Love reading, classical music, outdoors, foreign languages/people. Liberal agnostic. Wanted slim sixty-niner, 30 to 40, permanent lover, with similar interests, self supporting. Send photo. Write: JFS, 45 S. Maple St., Mt. Carmel, PA 17851. (S-2/89)

RHODE ISLAND

CHUBBIES WANTED: GWM, 61, wants to meet chubby guys, over 250#, any age to 75. Send photo. Write: Richard Judge, 460 Charles St., Apt. 1011, Providence, RI 02904. (J04-6/89)

SOUTH CAROLINA

MIDWEST/EAST COAST: Trucker, white, 43, 6'-1", 220#, clean shaven, seeks men 50+ for friendship and good times when through your area. No beard, grey/bald, oral expert/dentures, beer gut a plus, but will answer all with phone. First love is erotic photography, videos, nudity, nature, bicycling and the great outdoors. No smoke, drugs or Gr A/P. Interested in videos and still photo sessions. Kinks and W/S okay, too. Write: ROADRUNNER TWO. (S-10/88)

TENNESSEE

NASHVILLE: Black male, 47, 5'-9", 195 lbs, light complexion, brown eyes, dark brown hair, stocky build, 6" uncut, public relations professional. Seeking a masculine man over 40, any race, who is versatile, yet not into kink or mind games. Be someone who enjoys the arts, sane music and spectator sports. Be on the sedate side and savvy about current events. Can travel within a radius of 250-300 miles on weekends. Write: SWAN SUBSCRIBER, 1199 Murfreesboro Rd., Apt. C-5, Nashville, TN 37217. (H29-12/88)

TEXAS

SOUTHEAST TEXAS: GWM couple, 67, 5'-10", 175# and 54, 6'-4", 200#. Looking for friends and J/O buddies. Californians temporarily working in Texas. We like beach movies, gay video, books, letters, photos. Write: B & J, P.O. Box 280, Wadsworth, TX 77483 (T04-12/88)

NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 42, stocky, nice looking, French only or J/O with masculine men, late fifties, 60's, 70's and up. No limit. Especially like white hair and/or moustaches or beards! Live with 79 year old prof lover

-three ways fun too! Dallas-Ft. Worth area or travelers to Dallas. We are both HTLV Neg. Love theater, good restaurants, congenial friends. We are non-smokers, social drinkers. Write: Jim Bennett, 1705 E. Collins Blvd. Richardson, TX 75081. (B22-12/88)

BIG GUY IN HOUSTON: GWM, 51, 6'-0", 240#, well proportioned, brown eyes, brown/grey hair, uncut with big balls. I like music, travel, outdoors, camping, swimming, fishing, walking and working in the yard. Travel to Tucson five times a year. Seek 55+, clean shaven, uncut. Heavy set a plus. Smoker and moderate drinker okay. Write: J.R. Hensley, 5202 Lindsay, Houston, TX 77023. Tel. (713) 921-0714 (H25-10/88)

TEXAS SACK 'N SADDLE MAN: 53, 5'-8", 135#, WM, masculine rugged lookin' former USMC "grunt," truck driver, pro rodeo (14 years), looks for 'em 40's through 60's who suck 'n 69. Not Greek Active or Passive. No fems, overweight, drunks, "beauties," dirt or drugs. No J/O or collect calls. White only. If you are at ease around and in hat, boots, blue jeans, barn stalls, pick up trucks, the country 'n others who would circle suck, in laps, call Dub at (817) 338-1460 (or 870-2045). Write w/photo to: Dub Martin, P.O. Box 9343, Ft. Worth, TX 76147. (M30-2/89)

DALLAS/FT. WORTH AREA: Got a new convertible with an empty seat beside me, waiting for the right guy--trim, 30-45, stable and, like me, wanting a long-term relationship. I'm a young 57, professional, 5'-6", 132, brown/blue, 7" cut, healthy, fun, discreet. Love French active/passive, no Greek. No drugs or excessive alcohol. Write: BRAMBLING (B-10/88)

HOUSTON/NATIONWIDE: Sharp, masculine, urbane, good looking, in shape, HIV negative, 55 year old W/M, silver/hazel, 5'-10", 165#. I enjoy intimacy, home, travel, music, movies. I'm looking for a man in his 40's or 50's, HIV negative, affectionate, caring, loyal, top. Take a chance. Send photo and letter to: LIMOSA (L-12/88)

UTAH

SILVER BEAR: GWM, 67, 5'-11", 165#, hairy, uncut, silver hair, 'stache and short crop beard. Retired, active. Enjoy traveling, but do not drive. Interested in over 40, hairy, husky, uncut (but not necessary). All welcome. Write: Robert Chalker, 435 East 2nd South #2, Salt Lake City, UT 84111. (C01-6/89)

NEED DISCIPLINE? 59, 5'-11", 230, 5 1/2" uncut, WM, into F/G A/P, CP, WS, CBTT, AT and Kink, seeks submissives. Also corresponds and works by mail/phone. Safe Sex as mutually agreed. Write: K.W., P.O. Box 1618, Ogden, UT 84402 (W22-2/89)

VIRGINIA

TIDEWATER AREA: GWM, 48, 5'-9", 200, husky, very masculine with beer belly, would love to rub bellies or whatever with men, 40+, 250+. Am looking for fun, not a relationship and am into lite S & M and tit play. Your nude photo gets mine. See my photo on page 59 of the August issue. Write: SPITFIRE (M-10/89)

WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON STATE: Horny, dentured senior, 66, 5'-9", 180#, gray hair, french and greek A/P, mostly bottom. Possible relationship, any age. I am unable to relocate. Sex is not something to find, but a feeling to be shared. Write: Frank, P.O. Box 110772, Tacoma, WA 98411. (C07-12/88)

SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 180#, husky, friendly, amorous, bearish, would like to tangle moustaches with a man of similar attributes in my age bracket (40-60). John Breadstill, 1605 - 12th Ave. #30, Seattle, WA 98122, (206) 322-3820. NATIONWIDE: Send me a letter containing your sexual fantasies illustrated with nude photos and I'll reciprocate with story/nude photos. (B21-12/88)

LUST FOR LIFE: 69, 5'-7", 142#, retired professor, adventurous, affectionate, sensitive, dependable, a good listener, open to new ideas, experiences and people. Interests: giving massage, sightseeing, visitors, classical music, the performing arts, photography, hearing your life story, new friends who are trim, health-conscious, open-minded and young at heart. Write: Tom Guion, 403 14th Ave., East, #37, Seattle, WA 98112. (G19-10/88)

SEATTLE - BIG BUNS, BIG TITS, HORNY: W/M, seeking friendship with aggressive but gentle and affectionate admirer who is also honest and discreet. 63, 5'-8", 240# big, 6U, dentured, chest hair, nice guy who enjoys home, classical music, dining out with and pleasing you, travel and safe sex. Penpals world wide welcome. Photo/Write: Al, #219, 2442 N.W. Market St., Seattle, WA 98107 (H-8/89)

OLDER SEEKS YOUNGER: Washington State/Nationwide. GWM, 54, 5'-10", 165#, Black/Blue, seeks up to 32 year old, slender, attractive, affectionate man for 1 to 1 relationship. If you are not into bars, booze and drugs and ready, willing and able to relocate to small city, I would like to hear from you. Write with phone number to: R.J., Rt. 3, Box 3188, Prosser, WA 99350. (J-12/88)

NORTHWEST: WM, 64, 5'-10", 164#, nice bod, uncut slender 6", family man, super-discreet, retired,

educated, good personality. Love cuddling, massage, 69, etc. Wants to exchange letters, pics with WM 60+, white hair a plus. Must be discreet. Prefer less heavy build and more masculine types. Write: DUCK
(D-12/88)

WEST VIRGINIA

DEEP IN RURAL AMERICA: Lonely farmboy, 39, brown/brown, beard, 6'-1", 190*, orally attracted to 40 throu 85+. Looks, physical condition and cock size are unimportant. Friends and partners wanted. No phone calls. Write: Chuck Jackson, R-83, Box 68, Ellenboro, WV 26346. (J05-4/89)

WISCONSIN

WISCONSIN DELLS AREA: GWM, 67, 5'-9 1/2", 150*, blue eyes, greying hair, wirey/muscular, well hung, outdoorsman. Have a great sense of humor but no one to spring it on, at present. Will be SWAN writer and model soon. Seek masculine, mature man to share good times with. Write: STARTHROAT. (S22-4/89)

MINNEAPOLIS/N W WISCONSIN: GWM, 59, 5'-9", 210*, stocky, masculine, blue/grey eyes,brown/grey hair with a hot mouthful of cut meat. I'm a cuddler who likes kissing, nippleplay, nudism, movies and French A/P. Prefer mature men who are hairy and cut, but not necessary. Any size and race okay. Enjoy letters, phone calls and photo exchange too. Will answer all replies. Write with photo (if possible) to: LOVEBIRD.
(L12-10/88)

WISCONSIN: W/M, 60, 5'-11", 230*, white hair, blue eyes, uncut. Seeks contacts anywhere for friendship and possible relationship. To retire soon; relocation possible. I am loyal (last relationship over 20 years). Uninterested in bars, screaming parties, bitch-talk. Discretion, sincerity, masculinity, cleanliness are magnets. Nudity, cut, full dentures are pluses. Minuses: S/M, drugs, smoke, fems, rock music. All letters with photo answered. Write: MELOSPIZA
(M-8/89)

CANADA

GET TO KNOW A NEIGHBOR: Horny, aggressive, retired Canadian, living in Vancouver, B.C., 65, 6'-1", 190*, wants to correspond with/meet Western seniors, heavy-set (stout), bald or grey. I like opera, Country and Western, square dancing. I'm healthy, keep in shape and travel extensively. I am sexually versatile and enjoy erotic correspondence. Write: HIRONDELLE
(J05-2/89)

INTERNATIONAL

LONELY SON SEEKS BEAUTIFUL DAD: Masculine European W/M, 37, 6'-1", 155*, trim, hairy, well hung, short dark hair, sensitive, loyal, sensual, health conscious, nonpromiscuous, genuinely attracted to older men, seeks masculine, warm, caring, affectionate gentleman over 55 for passionate uninhibited monogamous relationship. Any area. Want to relocate to America for right person. Light physical handicap and/or drinking okay. All detailed letters with photo(s) answered. Photo(s)--nude preferred--are essential. Please write: LONELY LOON, BM 8792, London WC1N3XX, ENGLAND (Resides in Belgium)
(D06-10/88)

AUSTRALIA: Australian, living in Sydney, who has crept stealthily beyond the middle years, well preserved and active in all senses of the word, if a little overweight. Lived many years in Europe, familiar with the best in literature and the arts. Would like to hear from Americans, 25-45. Integrity, intelligence and the ability to disagree without rancour important. Reply to: "Ottumwa", 29 Milson Rd., Cremorne, Sydney 2090, AUSTRALIA. Replies assured and photo and biography appreciated. (R19-12/88)

AUSTRALIA: Sincere, GWM, mature Leo, 60, 5'-9", 190*, smoker and whisky drinker--no drugs and non scene. No Freudian hang ups, fortified by Catholic faith, civilised and urbane in manners and life style--Mozart, Albeniz, Keats, Shelley, etc.--chubbies from 55 to 75 or stretch a point to 85. Write: R.P.S., "Dalmeny Tor," 91-95 Bartle Road, Tamborine Mtn, Queensland 4272, AUSTRALIA. Tel. -075- 451474. (S22-12/88)

DISTINGUISHED 50'S PLAYWRIGHT/AUTHOR: (Produced Dublin, London, Broadway), also considered handsome and a brilliant conversationalist, would like to escape London's damp winter for Manhattan, IF able to rent cheaply a one-room apartment (or bed and bath in a bigger one). Might even consider being an aristocratic caretaker! Would art patron assist cultural ally on such a project--in return for companionship; or young writer, partial to older men, help in return for guidance and assistance with literary work? As New York is my fovourite city, any advice would be welcome; and, if necessary, highest social and bankers references could be given. Write: K.P.T., 510 Beatty House, Dolphin Square, London SW1V-3P1, ENGLAND. (CMP 10/88)

BUTCH GRADY GETS
A SURPRISE
AT THE REST STOP.
RAM

AIDS, HIV+ CAN CAUSE LIABILITY, IF UNDISCLOSED

by legal eagle

As the executors of the estates of Rock Hudson and Liberace can attest, having sex with any partner after being declared infected with HIV (thus HIV+), can make you liable for substantial money damages. At the very least, it can make you open to a lawsuit, which you may or may not win.

HIV+ denotes that a person has been determined to carry the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV) in his or her blood, thus "HIV+," meaning "HIV positive."

Although knowingly causing another to become infected with the virus believed to cause AIDS, without giving a prior warning to the other party, has not yet been finally determined by the highest court of any state to result in liability, it is readily acknowledged within the legal community that such liability would exist. We have just not yet had a case where the proof has been sufficiently clear and the case contested through to appeal. Any "clear cut" case is almost always settled.

In a case involving herpes, a Minnesota appellate court ruled just recently that "people suffering from genital herpes generally have a duty either to avoid sexual contact with uninfected persons or, at least, to warn potential partners that they have herpes before sexual contact occurs." A similar ruling would almost certainly apply to a person with AIDS, ARC, or HIV+.

The amount of damages which might be ordered for HIV transmission could be astonishing. Since it is now pretty generally accepted that in excess of 60% of those infected with HIV will eventually come down with "full blown AIDS," and some studies have indicated the likelihood to be nearer to 100%, a jury would be allowed to find an extremely high likelihood that the victim has in effect been sentenced to an early death by the person infecting him or her. (And yes, that could go for heterosexuals as well as for gays!)

Thus, full value of loss of income for the rest of one's reasonably expected life, multiplied several times for the "pain and suffering" being imposed, or to be imposed, might give just a glimmering of how substantial the dollar damages might be that a jury could find.

Juries are notoriously sentimental. A young person infected by an older guy could very easily draw upon a jury's sentiments for an incredible award.....especially if the youth can persuade the jury that he (or she) was really "led astray" and was virtually innocent and unsullied before coming into contact with the guy who infected him (or her).

Of course, all of this assumes that the "infector" defendant is collectible....that is, that he has some assets which could be taken to satisfy a judgment. Home, auto, furnishings, savings, all could be affected.

Insurance might conceivably provide some protection. A defendant who had liability coverage under his homeowners policy would probably be entitled to at least have the insurance company provide a lawyer to defend him. Perhaps the company would also have to pay a judgment, up to the limits of its policy. But, if the company could show that the act was intentional, they could well be exempted from having to pay a judgment. The sex was certainly intentional; how about the failure to warn? That poses a tougher problem, one the insurance company probably could not overcome, in most cases.

Typical insurance policies exclude coverage for injuries "intentionally caused by an insured" or injuries "which may reasonably be expected to result from the intentional or criminal acts of an insured."

Exclusions written into insurance policies are interpreted as favorably toward the insured as the language possibly permits. The courts strongly favor the insured rather than the insurance company. But if the language of an exclusion leaves no room for doubt, an exclusion is honored by the courts.

So are you liable if you transmit HIV to another without warning? Probably, if you were aware of your own HIV condition. If you had no reason to suspect you were HIV+, you would probably be excused. But if you knew or should have known, the courts will hold you responsible, in all likelihood. And if you don't have insurance coverage that covers the incident, you could have real financial problems!

Even though much is unknown about HIV transmission, and the means by which AIDS is transmitted, the courts nonetheless apply that body of knowledge generally accepted in the scientific community. And at present, that body of knowledge believes that HIV and AIDS can be transmitted by unprotected sex from an HIV+ person to another. Based on that, a court is very likely to hold the person who was HIV+ liable for all the harms caused by transmission, if the other party reasonably establishes he or she was free of infection prior to the sex, and subsequently was infected, with no other intervening sex.

For this reason, as well as for plain common sense, if you have been declared HIV+, or have good reason to suspect you are probably HIV+, you should strongly consider making full disclosure to anyone with whom you are planning unprotected sexual intercourse, especially anal intercourse. On the other hand, of course, you can pretty well eliminate any risk by "playing safely," and minimize both legal liability and likelihood of transmitting the virus.

LATE ARRIVING ADS

SACRAMENTO TO RUSSIAN RIVER: 55, short 5'-6", slim, Mediterranean type, dark brown hair, green eyes, olive complexion, well educated, gentle and eager to please. Wants to meet man similar age, slim to hard body stocky, hung average to large, sexually active, masculine, considerate and friendly for friendship or more. I'm easy going, like to do things around house and garden, movies, shows, art, short trips. Write: MARIO. (J-10/88)

LOS ANGELES YOUNG PROFESSIONAL: GWM, 6'-3", 190* of Scandinavian origin. Partner is distinguished senior over 60. Interested in meeting other young men who have similar interest in older men for sharing sports and outdoor activities. Feel this common interest in older men could make such activities more pleasant. Write if interested: Karl Austin, P.O. Box 691024, West Hollywood, CA 90069. (A-12/88)

NORTHWESTERN MONTANA/WORLD WIDE: GWM, hairy, horny topman, 59, 5'-11", 185*, no S/M, drugs or collect calls. I am affectionate, clean, cut, 6". Seeking masculine, passive man. I am French A/P. Write: Jack Knapp, P.O. Box 265, Ronan, MT 59864, or call (406) 676-0561. (K-10/88)

OLDER SEEKS OLDER: Early retired white male, 58 years old, 5'-8", brown hair and eyes, 180*, seeks manly men over 60 for friendship and A/P French, with some Greek. Must be clean with a good sense of humor. Write: Fred Barrett, Box 81406, Cleveland, OH 44181. (B-4/89)

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA AREA: White, married, Bi male, 61 years old, 5'-10", brown/blue, 190*, 6 1/2" THICK cut. Have video camera for making and exchanging male home-made tapes. Love J/O session while videoing. Would love to exchange hot nude photos and correspondence with other horny males. Will answer all letters with nude photos. Write: Don Robinson, Sunnyside Country Club Village, 5627 E. Kings Canyon, Suite 136, Fresno, CA 93727. (R-12/88)

RETIRED MAN NEEDS COMPANIONSHIP: I have lived alone since 1978, when my lover of 17 years got a case of the middle age jitters and left me for a younger man. I am 64 (look younger), 164*, 5'-10", dark brown hair (very little gray), a beard, little body hair, ass unused since '77. Into: Theatre (all phases), porno tapes, masturbation, gardening, art, gym and toys. Looking for a top, any age. Pluses for him: Dark blond to black hair, beard, tattoo(s), ex BB, well endowed, sensitive nips, interest in construction or practical knowledge of same, financially independent. Write: R. Kiser, Box 546, Shelby, NC 28150. (K-10/88)

OLDER GENT SEEKS YOUNG MAN: GWM, 60, 5'-10", 165*, wants GWM, 40 or under, for mono relationship. Have home and love to share. Honest, healthy, into exercise, travel, quiet evenings at home, videos, F-A/P. Would like non-smoker, slim to muscular build, honest, sincere. No drugs or prisoners. Prefer masculine only. I look and act much younger, fun loving, sexy, horny. Write soon to: Jack, P.O. Box 11, Carrollton, MI 48724. (Q-12/88)

MICHIGAN: GWM, 63, 6', 175*, blue eyes, brown hair, sport well trimmed beard and moustache. Very versatile, A/P French and Greek, well equipped. Seek gentlemen with similar interest: Arts, books, antiques, leather, levis, boots, camping, hiking, watersports, sailing, country drives, old cars, motorcycles, music, theatre, opera, gourmet cooking, bridge, cross country skiing and traveling. Photo appreciated--will reciprocate. Write: MICHIGAN SEAGULL. (P-12/88)

VERY HANDSOME BOTTOM MAN: Southern California/Nationwide. I am 60 years old, tall, grey hair, very blue eyes, masculine, FR/A, could be Gr/P. Need caring, dominant, young looking man, 30-60, 40-50 a plus. Am happy, healthy, HIV negative, need same. Should be affectionate, passionate, experienced. I offer happy, sensual friendship, possible relationship. Letters with photo please. Can travel and entertain. Write: M.H., 315 G, Meigs Rd., *480, Santa Barbara, CA 93109. (H-2/89)

GENTLE CROSS DRESSER: Very feminine and very submissive. Not a nellie queen! W/M, age 49, 5'-8" tall, 160*, professional and secure in life. Seeks lasting relationship with tall, dominant, hairy teddy bear who understands my needs. Looks, age, weight, heavy hung unimportant. A good personality is. Have lots of reciprocal love to give. Not interested in just sexual encounters. Moderate alcohol, tobacco okay. Please be sincere and discreet, with photo and S.A.S.E. Write: Carl A., P.O. Box 1998, San Gabriel, CA 91778. (A-2/89)

ITALIAN STALLION SEEKS MATURE GENTLEMAN: 6'-2", 230 solid pounds, 32 years old, masculine, independent, professional, seeks SERGEANT SAVAGE type (Feb 88 SWAN) and/or CHIEF type (June 88). Uncut, confident, robust, Irishman over 50 years GUARANTEED a date. I am a socially active person, content with fine foods, lots of good sex. I am a movie buff, interested in current affairs, like driving fast sports cars, need to live near water, into quality hi-fi, and I can go on. More importantly than any of the above, I believe that a common value system is the foundation for love and establishing true friendship is the purpose of life. Photo eliminates awkwardness. Write: Lou Romeo, 185 Marine Ave. *4H, Brooklyn, NY 11209. (R-2/89)

GENTLEMAN, 55-75, SOUGHT: by Japanese GM, 35, who is attractive, trim, professional, sincere, romantic. Looking for a gentle sort of man over 55 for friendship or more. Let me show you the Eastern way. Write: K.H.N., P.O. Box 4959, San Francisco, CA 94101-4959. (N-2/89)

RENAISSANCE BEAR: Topman, 15 stone, extremely aggressive, monogamous, affectionate when well-treated. Like going to gym, Henry James, Toynbee, hiking, Charles Griffes, the B-52s, leather, Couperin, Dashiell Hammett, Sondheim, Catullus. Bald, bearded, excellent education, needs a respectful young man who values intellect, authority and sensuality. Write: Jay Behr, 14 Joy St., San Francisco, CA 94110. (J-10/88)

CHICAGO: GWM, 51, 6', 180#, blond, German, beard, look 40, attractive, affectionate, quiet, like good dining and wine, non-church goer, but keep the 7th day sabbath and annual holy days. Seeking similar Christian or Messianic Jew for monogamous life mate, ideally in 30's, non-smoker, average weight, moustache a plus, compatible with Libra. Photo and phone please. Write to: SABBATH. (S-2/89)

ILLINOIS/ANYWHERE: Early retiree, active, healthy 60 years; stranger to bars, interest in economical world travel, languages, enjoyment of other riotous good things. I read tons, don't smoke, drink moderately, pay my bills, hate rock music, am short, slightly overweight, bald crewcut, laugh often. Want to meet trim, over-40 man who would share my enjoyment of all these things. Write to: GOTTIME. (D-10/88)

YOUNG MAN SEEKS MENTOR: Mature 30, 5'-9", 154# jock seeks safe, discreet gentleman, 40-65. Prefer hairy and muscular or stocky type. Someone to coach me in weight training as well as have fun and great sex. Photo gets mine. Write: R.A.H., Box 566963, Atlanta, GA 30356. (H-10/88)

WHITE GUY, 60, 5'-10", 170#, 6" CUT: Seeks meetings and correspondence with other mature guys for the physical pleasures we can share. Looking for sex pals not a lover. I'm always looking for new experiences in Greek, enemas, French, bondage and kinky games in general. Am a straight appearing and acting business man but a fun loving whore when you and I are together. Write: W.R., P.O. Box 221, Clarkston, GA 30021. (R-10/88)

SOUTH JERSEY AREA: GWM, 31, 5'-9", 165#, moustache, brown hair/balding, hairy legs/chest. Masculine and athletic with a variety of interests. Sexually inexperienced and looking for a masculine older male, 40 and up for friendship and intimacy. I'm not looking for a greek god, only a warm patient man willing to pass on some of his experience. Letter and photo, if possible. Write: WATERTHRUSH (W-12/88)

NW ARKANSAS: W/M, 60's, retired, 6', 195#, clean shaven, non-smoker, light social drinker, straight appearing, strictly French active, sensitive, caring, warm, honest, clean, sincere and expect the same. Seeking W/M up to 55, can't-get-enough-French-passive, husky, man's man, healthy, good looking, home loving type. No hustlers, druggies or excessive drinkers. Hairy, military, construction, etc. a plus. Write: Doug Sullens, 2111 E. 19th ST., Russellville, AR 72801. (S-2/89)

OLDER SEEKS YOUNGER: GWM, 48, look younger, 5'-11", 155#, reddish blond hair, romantic, sincere, fem. Enjoy the homelife, TV, soft music. Seek a lasting, one to one relationship with GWM, under 28, slender, healthy, attractive, easy going, romantic, affectionate, caring, who enjoys the homelife. No drugs or drags, or bar scene. Let's both blend our lives together into a oneness of joy and beauty. Write: DAVID (H-12/88) (West Virginia)

BLACKS WANTED: WM, 44, 6', 170#, athletic, attractive, seeks Black men, 45 to infinity, who want to climb on and ride. Located San Francisco Bay area, but can travel most anywhere. Looks not important. Horny attitude very important. I'll call right away. Just write: SWIFT (S-12/88)

YOUNGER MAN WANTED IN MINNEAPOLIS: Retired, professional GWM, 62, 5'-9", 180, clean-shaven, white hair, blue eyes, financially secure, well-educated with a good disposition and sense of humor. I am looking for a young man who is self-supporting and self-reliant with interests similar to mine for companionship and possible relationship. My interests include: outdoor activities, flyfishing, music, reading, cooking and travel. Write with description of yourself, your interests and your expectations to: RC (codeword) (W-12/88)

COLORADO SWAN MODEL SEEKS 55+: GWM, 41, 5'-11", 200#, grey eyes and brown/grey hair seeks stocky, affectionate, considerate senior who shares my interests in musical theatre, opera, dining out, amusement parks, zoos and museums. I'm a computer nut and love to play cards. I'm also very flexible and can relocate for the right guy. Check me out in the August 88 issue. Write: SHAG (codeword). (C12/88)

CONNECTICUT: GWM, 30's, looking for GM's for good times and hot sex. 1st preferences are 20-35, dark skins or Asians. Like slim or hard bodies. Others are fine too. Have high libido and need regular hot number to satisfy. No strings, honesty/sincerity essential. Send photo and phone for immediate response. All letters answered. Write: A1, P.O. Box 102, Newtown, CT 06470. (K-12/88)

LATE ANNOUNCEMENT

An 86 year old new subscriber to SWAN is heavily involved in the creation of CENTRAL ILLINOIS AIDS PROJECT, 807 1/2 S.W. Adams Street, Peoria, IL 61602. Galen is very much out of the closet and lives on a very modest income. He's also lonely for some younger company. We urge our Midwest readers to help Galen out with his project and also to give him a little company. Drop him a line.

****

Newt Deiter advises that there are still a few rooms available for our big Mardi Gras bash February 3 thru 8, 1989, in New Orleans. If you would like to go and have a ball with him and all of us, contact him at:

(800) 883-2600 - Southern California
(800) 367-5553 - Rest of California
(800) 227-0141 - Rest of U.S.A.

Hurry! The deadline nears!

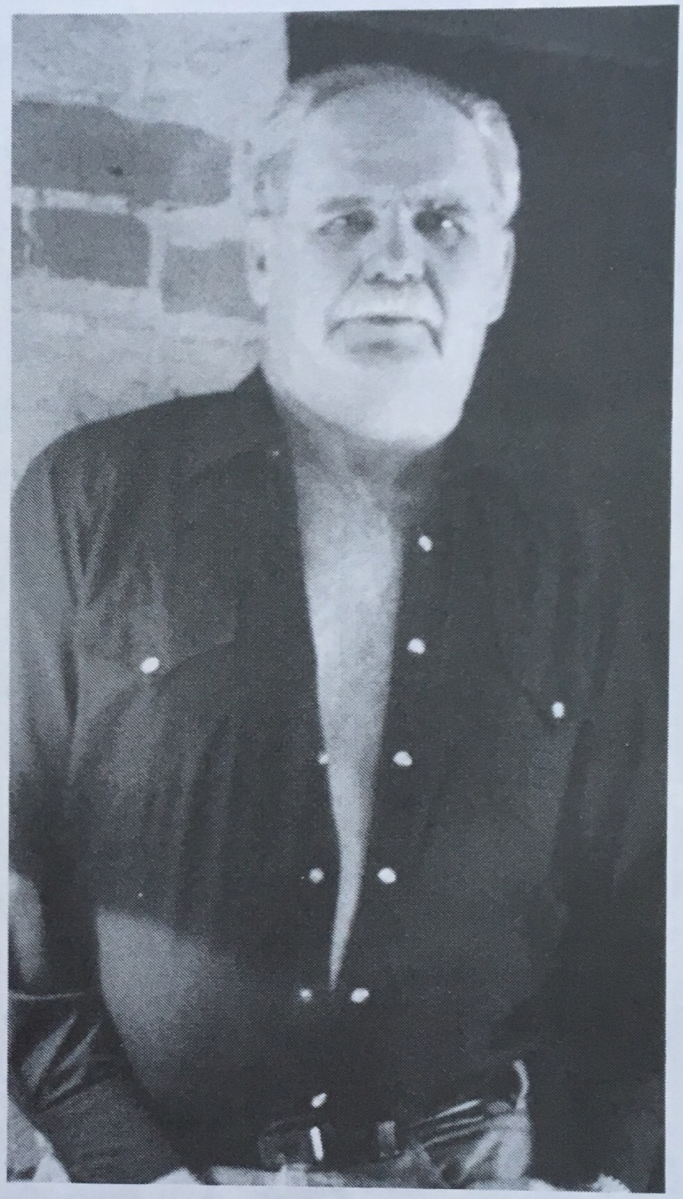
****

PROFILES--PART II

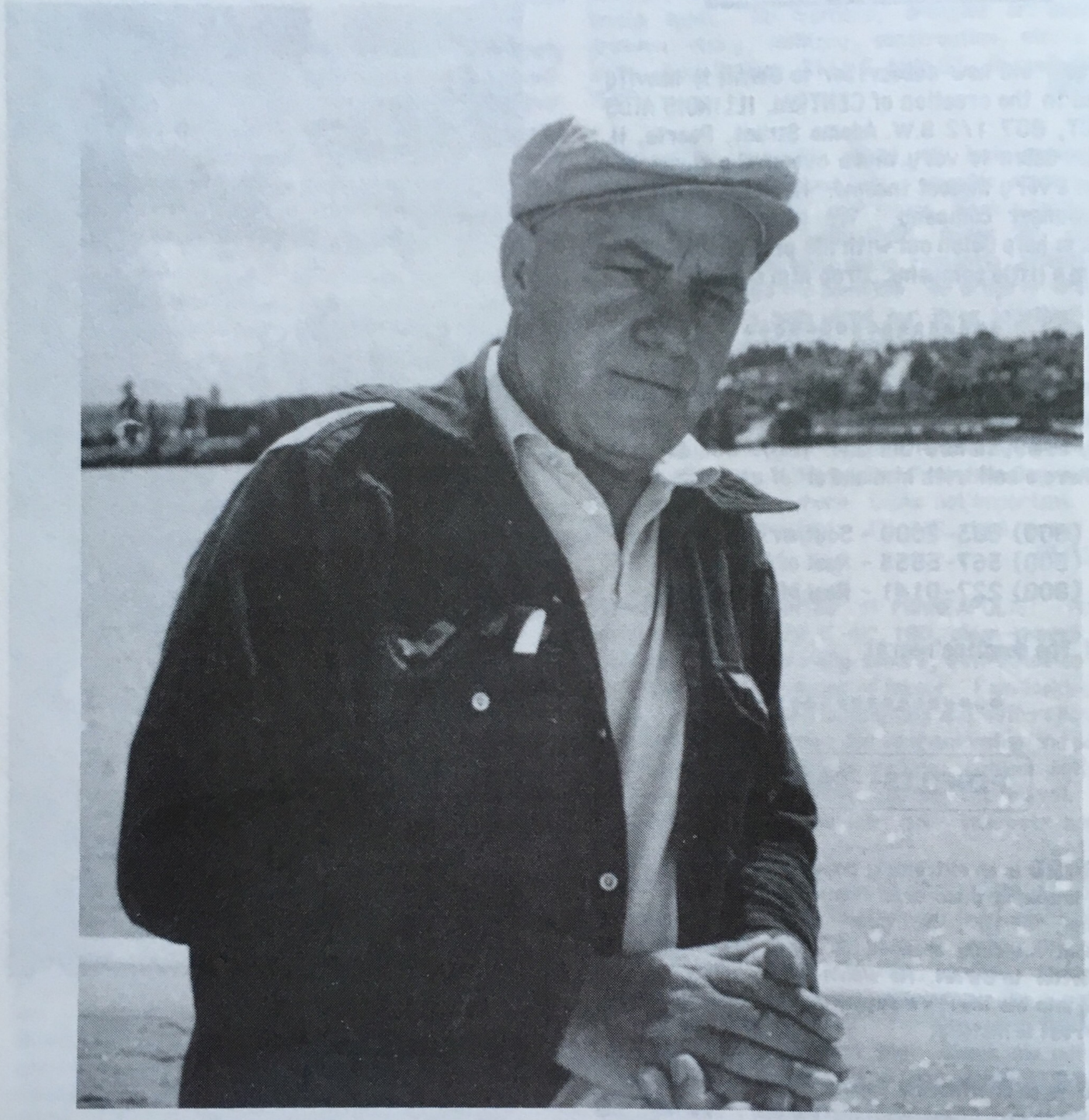
BLUEBIRD is an extremely popular Ohio model/artist, who is knocking them dead from coast to coast. This handsome, 5'-10", 56 year old, 220#, muscular dreamboat radically changed his life a few months ago with a letter to SWAN. He wanted to know how to bring meaning into his life. We suggested that he model for us and the rest is history.

BUTCH is an enormously popular senior stud who lives on the Southeast Coast with his partner. We met this very fun couple at Mardi Gras and were immediately taken with their sincerety and good nature. And, yes, this handsome man does live up to his name!

EX-LOGGER is back by awesome demand! This rapturous looking [redacted]'s man has been known to make jaded cocksuckers drool in their pants and was our very first undisguised model. Yes, this extraordinary man started it all and we'll never be able to repay him. EX-LOGGER lives with his younger, 50 year old lover in the deep woods of the Great Northwest.



BUTCH
photo by p.h. colley



BLUEBIRD
photo by plus one

CAN'T WIN DEPARTMENT

In our zeal to bring you what you crave, we went to great lengths to find a surrogate for our defunct video "subsidiary." Subsequently, our columnist, XYLOPHANG reviewed a video by SIRCO and we published it. We also provided SIRCO with advertising space to encourage production of videos for lovers of older men. Since then, we have received a substantial number of complaints about the length of time it takes to receive subject videos, so we have discontinued all advertising in accordance with our specified terms.

SWAN is not affiliated with SIRCO in any way and neither promotes nor discourages the purchase of SIRCO's products.

LATE NEWS

We'd like to thank The Baltimore ALTERNATIVE for their wonderful article about SWAN in their August 15, 1988 issue. We urge all our readers to support those gay publications which support senior causes. We'd also like to thank subscriber Richard in Baltimore, who took the time to send our news release to The ALTERNATIVE. Richard won't have to worry about resubscribing for some time.

Cruise! Cruise! Cruise!
on the famed RSVP all GAY cruises to:

Key West, Playa del Carmen & Cozumel from New Orleans
Feb 18 - 25 '89

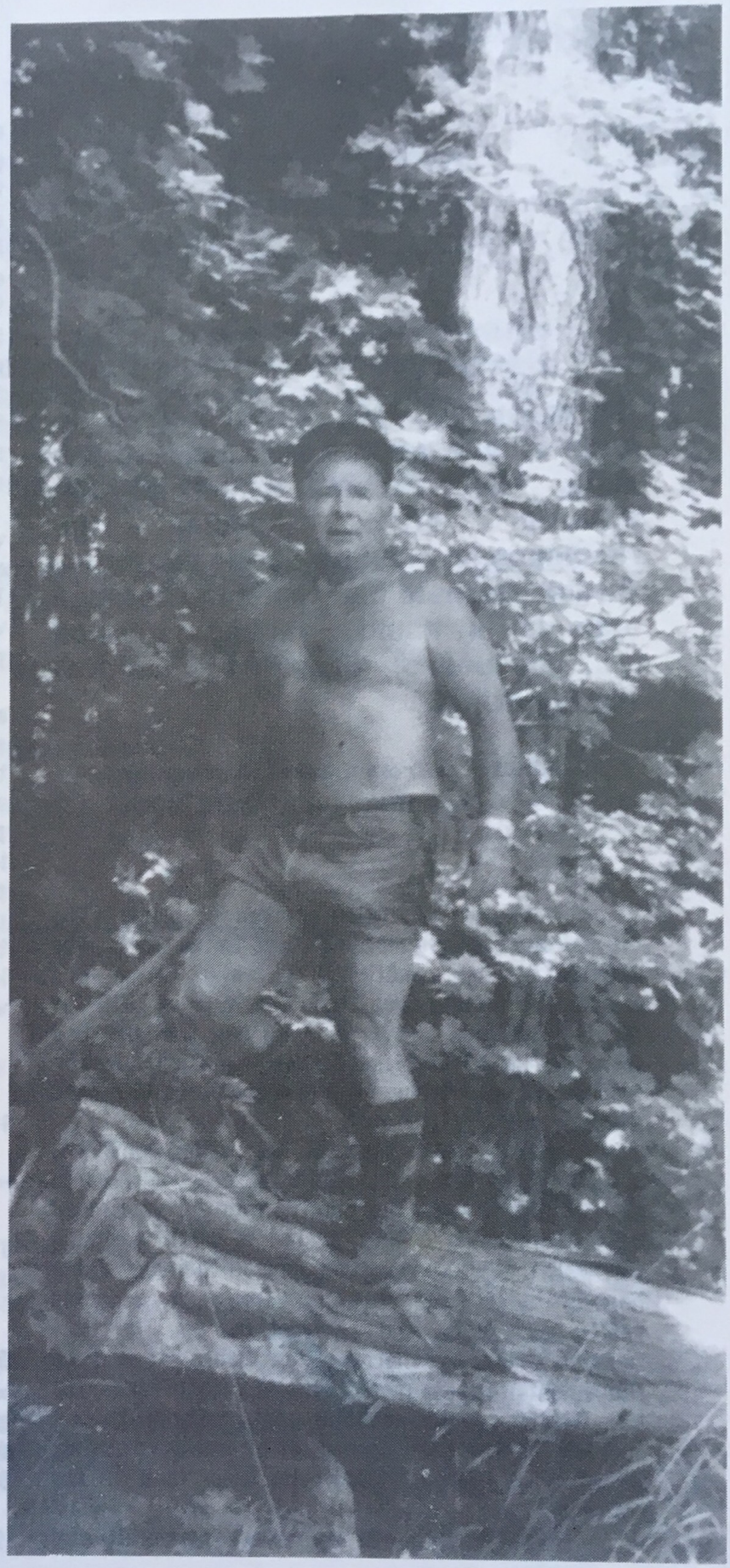
Cabo San Lucas, Puerto Vallarta & Mazatlan from San Diego
Mar 25 - Apr 1 or Apr 1 - Apr 8 '89

Portofino, Costa, Smeralda, Palermo, Valletta, Katakolon, Corfu, Dubrovnik & Venice from Nice
Jul 22 - 29 '89

Call for complete brochure!

Call Newt Deiter at
(213) 873-3884

TRAVEL ADVISORS
(818) 883-2600



EX-LOGGER
photo by simba

IN CLOSING

"Lured by my stark, dulcet verse, he grew to love me like no other man. An alloy, we became, hearing the ethereal drum, heeding the recompense. Chilled by the deafening thrust, we held on, exploding through veils of self doubt, finding a mission .....and peace, high in the hand of the leviathan."

OCHO .....from a novel in progress...

Well, we've finally arrived, it seems. The biggest and best gay newsmagazine in the world, The ADVOCATE, has published a very warm and supportive article about us in their Issue 506. It must be obvious to everyone by now that the good folks at The ADVOCATE sincerely care about senior issues and are willing to give a good plug to a hard working pair of little guys.

Today, the excitement has settled somewhat and The Friar sits in the dining room, proof reading this October issue. I'm staring into our Macintosh SE screen, writing this, scared to death, knowing full well that we've received our zenith favor. From here on out it's all up to us. Oh, sure, we could really get pushy and perhaps get on The Phil Donahue Show, but that would probably get us more fundamentalist hate mail than new subscribers. The L.A. TIMES would probably not respond to our queries, having been turned off by our irreverent, colorful language--"M'God! He used 'fuck' in his editorial!"

From here on out, we have to prudently buy effective advertising; keep our quality up, so that we get good word of mouth; and try to convince some of these tight pocketed senior-friendly businesses to advertise in SWAN. We have to find European and Australian distributors, who, for a song, can receive our camera ready issue, then publish and distribute it to a potentially lucrative overseas market. We have to reach those aging gay Americans who never read a gay magazine or newspaper, but find themselves alone or lonely for the first time in their lives. We have to reach the surprisingly substantial number of widowers, who want to try men for a change. How do we do it?

Give us some good, learned advice and maybe we'll invite you here and reward you with an exceptionally sharp copy of CENTAUR SIX and TRIPLEX from our originals. Knock our socks off with a bit of brilliance and we just might give you a piece of SWAN.

But there is still so much more. We want to establish a unique, remote, clothing optional retirement community, where our fantasies come true and where we can all work together to keep ourselves strong and healthy. We want to create a publishing company and publish works which will introduce the world to the Silver Centaur, a powerful, positive, richly diverse, unaffected, unapologetic gay image the heterosexuals aren't used to seeing. And finally, we'd like to help launch a lesbian counterpart to SWAN, something Pat Califia would be proud of.

Did someone say, "DREAMERS?"

GUILTY!

We dare to ***dream*** and we ***work*** to give it life, because, to do less would start the cells dying.

****

SWAN is committed to providing nurturing fantasies, entertainment and helpful articles for the well being and dignity of all gay and bisexual seniors and those who love and care for them. We are dedicated to the celebration and pursuit of the Silver Centaur.

May we all find one another and bring peace into our lives.

PERSONAL ADS

THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF THESE ADS IS TO AID OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN FINDING FRIENDS AND MATES. SWAN TAKES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY UNDESIRABLE RELATIONSHIP OR INCIDENT RESULTING FROM THESE ADS AND URGES ALL OUR SUBSCRIBERS TO USE CAUTION AND COMMON SENSE. WE WILL SCREEN ALL ADS AND REFUSE TO PRINT ANY AD WHICH, IN OUR OPINION, IMPLIES DECEIPT, FRAUD OR PERIL. WE CANNOT, HOWEVER, CONTROL OR MONITOR REPLIES TO SUBSCRIBERS' ADS.

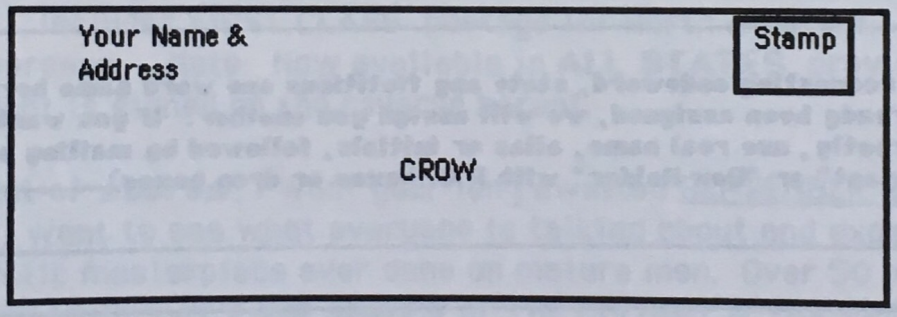
VALID COMPLAINTS ABOUT ADVERTISERS WHO FAIL TO ANSWER REPLIES ARE COMPILED AND ABUSERS ARE DENIED ADVERTISING SERVICES.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING TO ADVERTISERS WITH CODEWORDS (AS WELL AS MODELS, WRITERS AND ARTISTS):

1. Write your letter, return address it, stamp it and seal it.

2. **In pencil**, write the Codeword (SPARROW, GULL, AARON, KENN RICHIE, BUTCH, etc.) in the **center** of the envelope.

3. Your letter should then look like this:



4. Place your letter (or letters) inside a larger envelope.
   a. If you are a subscriber, include **no** money.
   b. If you are **not a subscriber**, include $1.00 for each letter you want forwarded.

5. Mail to: SWAN, 4864 LUNA #191, PHELAN, CA 92371.

NOTE: LETTERS NOT MEETING THE ABOVE SPECIFICATIONS WILL BE DESTROYED OR RETURNED. WE WILL NOT FORWARD AT OUR EXPENSE.

PERSONAL AD FORM

PERSONAL ADS ARE FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY!

NOTE NEW RATES!

All personal ads are priced at 20 cents per word, with a minimum order of $ 5.00. If you want a codeword assigned to your ad and have your mail forwarded to you, add $2.00 for each issue your ad will appear in. Please fill out **all** the following spaces:

THE NAME WE KNOW YOU AS:_____ **AD DURATION:**_____ **Issues**

AD HEADING: (all caps)_____

MESSAGE: (Use back if more space needed.)_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

AD CLOSING: (If requesting codeword, state any fictitious one word name here. If codeword has already been assigned, we will assign you another. If you want replies mailed to you directly, use real name, alias or initials, followed by mailing address. Do not use "Occupant" or "Box Holder" with P.O. boxes or drop boxes)_____

_____

_____

PRICING: _____**Words @ 20 cents = $**_____
X _____**Issues = $**_____
Codeword - _____ **Issues @ $2.00 = $**_____

Total **$**_____

I hereby authorize SWAN to publish the above ad, and I take full responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident. (Sign)_____

Mail to: SWAN, 4864 LUNA #191, PHELAN, CA 92371

NOTE: The deadline for receipt of ads for the December 88 issue is October 15, 1988.

ORDER FORM

Yes, I want to subscribe! Please send me the next six (6), bi-monthly issues, beginning with the _____issue, at the following rate (check applicable): Note: If you are resubscribing, check here: ☐

☐ North America - $32.00 (Includes FIRST CLASS postage).

☐ Elsewhere - $50.00 (Includes AIR MAIL postage).

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING ITEMS ARE RESERVED FOR SWAN SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

☐ Yes, I want your JANUARY '88 Special Issue, which contains 99 pages of nerve-frying, ass-puckering photos, artwork and fiction, designed to drive me insane. Features models like SYRINX, ROB DADEO (his final performance), KENT JUSTICE, THE COLONEL, JOE & HARRY, K.C. AND THE COB in the type of action you only dreamed of. Features the artwork of AARON, RAM, SCORPIO and QUETZAL and presents, in its entirety, P.H. COLLEY's popular, sizzling novel, BARNEY, which burns on the pages with illustrations by AARON. All this for the special ***REDUCED*** price of $15.50. Includes FIRST CLASS postage for North America. Add $3 for Air Mail Overseas. Note: Now available in **ALL STATES**, provided that the statement is signed on the reverse hereof.

☐ But of ***course***, I want your long awaited SEPTEMBER 88 Special Issue! I want to see what everyone is talking about and experience the best erotic masterpiece ever done on mature men. Over 50 photographs, including (gulp!) ***ACTION SHOTS*** of THE COLONEL & THE PROFESSOR, BOB & MOE (from Australia), JOE & HARRY, EDUARDO & BIG MAC, SONNY & FRIEND, SYRINX & FRIEND and THE CHIEF & THE FRIAR. Also, more solo photos of BOB/NYC, SWALLOW and HORNED TOAD, and new, scorching drawings by KENT JUSTICE, QUETZAL, JOHN R, EBB AND AARON--PLUS--the most outrageously provocative drawing RAM has ever done. If this one won't knock you on your ass, a truck won't! You want truly MIND BLOWING fiction? Wait until you read J.P. WILLIAMS' SMALL TAX WARNINGS. Also includes wonderful fiction by BILL HARRIS, WILD BILL and JAY ARNOLD, along with valuable articles by XYLOPHANG, KENN RICHIE and LEGAL EAGLE. AVAILABLE IN ALL STATES, PROVIDED THE RELEASE IS SIGNED BELOW--**ACT NOW BEFORE WE SELL OUT!** A STEAL AT $12.95. Includes First Class postage. Add $3.00 for Air Mail overseas.

BACK ISSUES (Subject to Availability):

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